

GRAPHIC

HORROR

Awake at Midnight



Graphic Horror

Volume 1

<i>"Caterpillar House"</i>	The Tormented #1	(Sterling, 1954)
<i>"Headless Horror"</i>	Chamber of Chills #8	(Harvey, 1952)
<i>"The Corpse That Came to Dinner"</i>	Out of the Shadows #9	(Standard, 1953)
<i>"The Thing from the Sea"</i>	Eerie #16	(Avon, 1954)
<i>"Grounds for Murder"</i>	Lawbreakers Suspense #15	(Charlton, 1953)
<i>"Date with a Corpse"</i>	The Unseen #15	(Standard, 1954)
<i>"Monster of Dread End"</i>	Ghost Stories #1	(Dell, 1962)
<i>"Dial C for Corpse"</i>	Strange Mysteries #11	(Superior, 1953)
<i>"Search for Evil"</i>	Black Cat Mystery #44	(Harvey, 1953)
<i>"Swamp Monster"</i>	Weird Mysteries #5	(Key, 1953)
<i>"Goblin's Ball"</i>	Tales from the Tomb #1	(Dell, 1962)

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THE

SHOCKING! EERIE!

10¢

JULY

TORMENTED

TOP SECRET

LN

id: >
VC
I TELL YOU--
I'M NOT!

COME NOW...
DON'T
HESITATE!
JUST TURN THE
PAGE AND
JOIN OUR
LITTLE PARTY
OF THE
TORMENTED!
HEE!HEE!HEE!



Would you like to go to a weekend party? The finest food and drink at your disposal. And you're bound to find the other guests not only stimulating, but... shall we say... different. So please accept our cordial invitation and join us at...

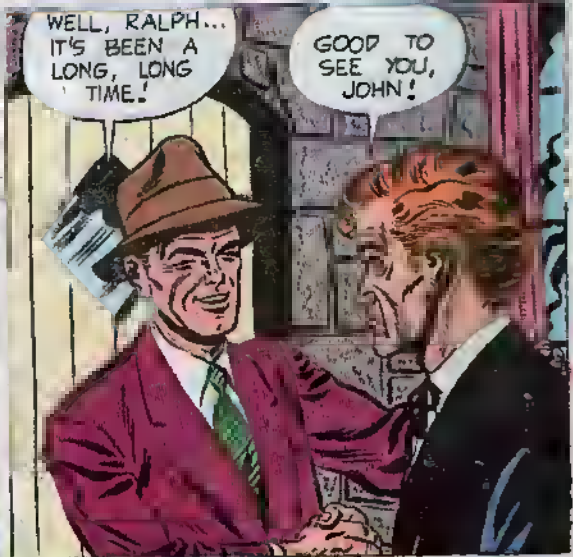
CATERPILLAR HOUSE



IT HAD BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE JOHN TURNER HAD SEEN HIS GOOD FRIEND RALPH CLAYTON, THE NOTED ENTOMOLOGIST, AND SO HE EAGERLY ACCEPTED RALPH'S INVITATION TO BE HIS WEEK-END GUEST...



MAYBE IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN AIR, BUT AS JOHN PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE DENSE GROWTH OF TREES AND SHRUBBERY AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER SWEEPED THROUGH HIM...

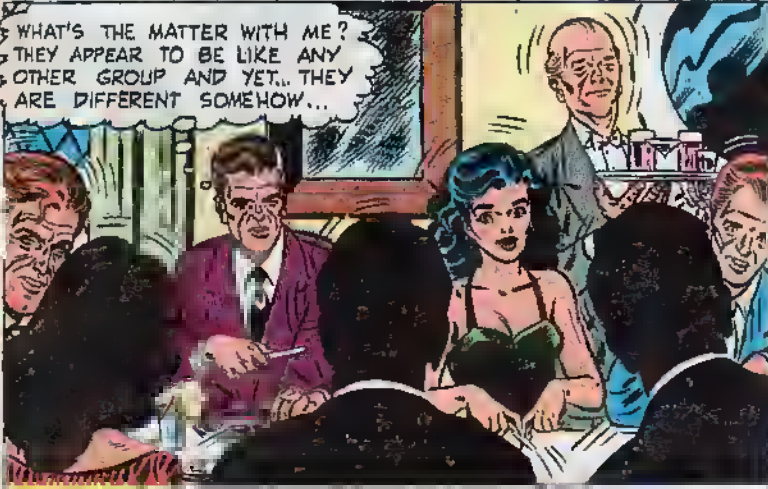


THE SOFT, PULPY FEEL OF RALPH'S HAND GAVE JOHN A PECULIAR CRAWLING SENSATION. MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE RALPH HAD CHANGED SO MUCH...



THAT EVENING, AT DINNER, THE SIGHT OF THE OTHER GUESTS GAVE JOHN A START. PERHAPS IT WAS JUST THE WAY THEY MOVED... SINUOUSLY AND LANGUOROUSLY AS IF THEY HAD NOT A BONE IN THEIR BODIES...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? THEY APPEAR TO BE LIKE ANY OTHER GROUP AND YET... THEY ARE DIFFERENT SOMEHOW...



THERE WAS THAT GIRL WHO SAT NEXT TO HIM... THE WAY SHE KEPT LOOKING AT HIM OUT OF EYES THAT SEEMED SIGHTLESS... THE WAY SHE SWAYED BACK AND FORTH...



HAVE YOU KNOWN RALPH LONG?

NOT LONG...

THERE WAS VERY LITTLE TALK... NO ANIMATION ON THE PART OF ANY GUEST, AND IT WAS WITH RELIEF THAT JOHN FINALLY LEFT THE TABLE...

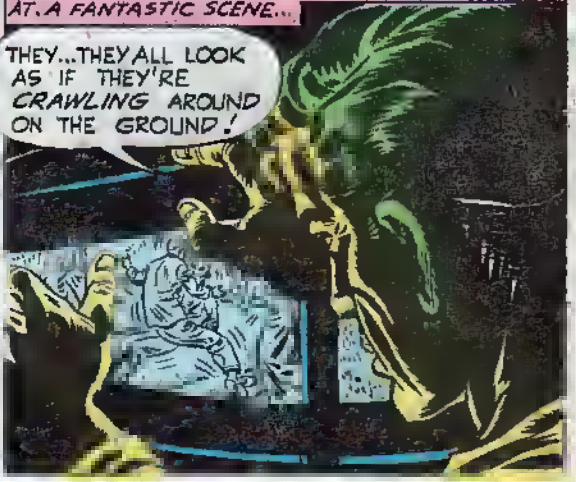
BUT SLEEP WOULDN'T COME... AND JOHN FELT HIMSELF DRAWN TO THE WINDOW. QUIETLY, HE RAISED THE BLIND AND FOUND HIMSELF GAPING AT A FANTASTIC SCENE...

THE TRIP MUST HAVE TIRED ME... HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I TURN IN!

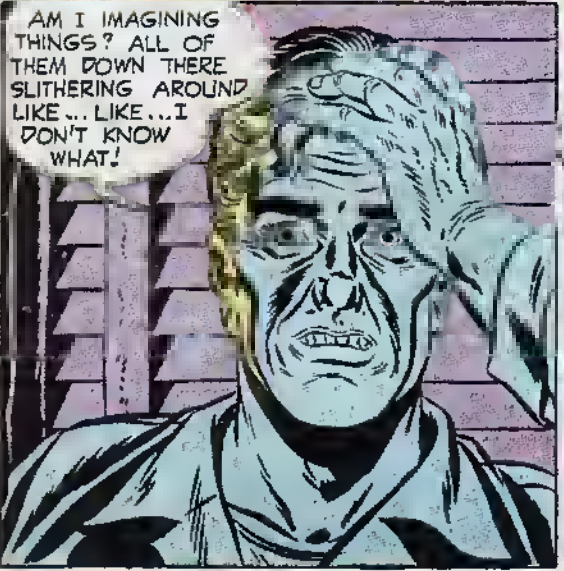
OF COURSE NOT! SLEEP AS LATE AS YOU WANT TO! GOOD NIGHT!



THEY... THEY ALL LOOK AS IF THEY'RE CRAWLING AROUND ON THE GROUND!



AM I IMAGINING THINGS? ALL OF THEM DOWN THERE SLITHERING AROUND LIKE... LIKE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT!

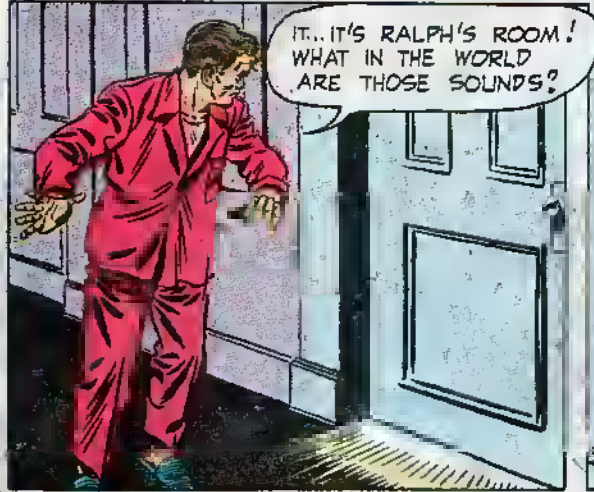


HE FINALLY DOZED OFF... BUT SOME TIME DURING THE NIGHT, HE SUDDENLY WAKENED...

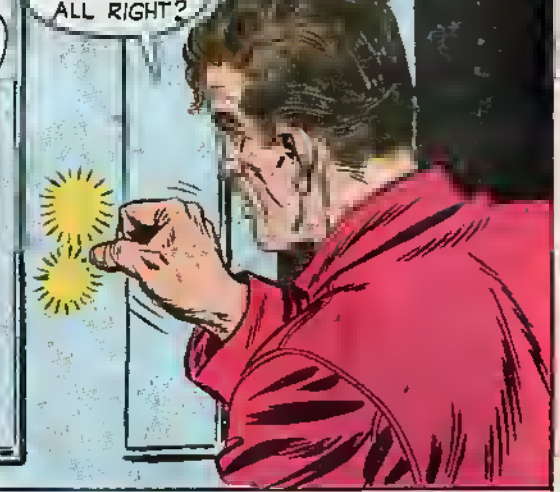
MY THROAT IS PARCHED... NEED SOME WATER...



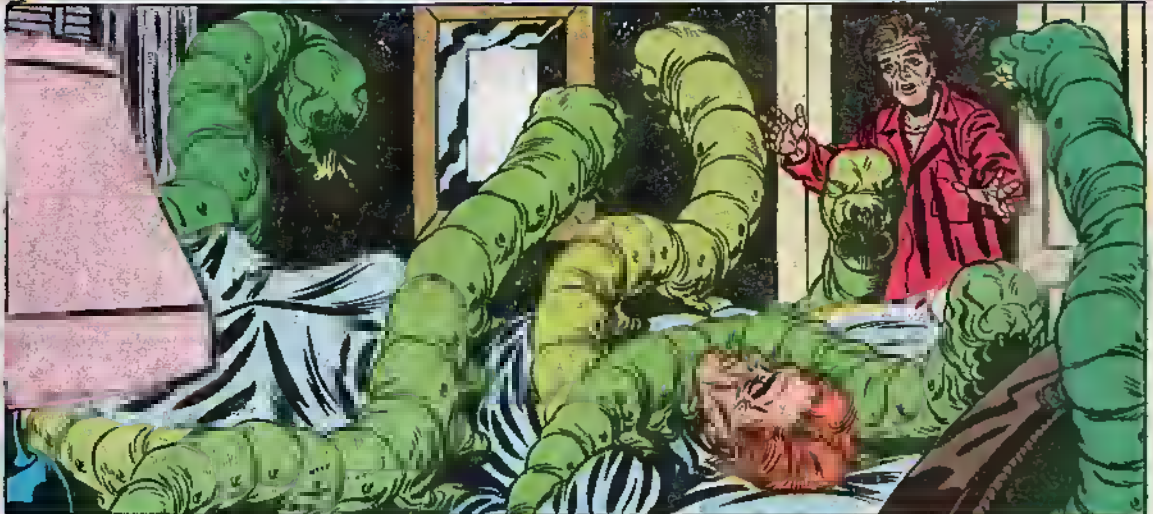
QUIETLY, HE LEFT HIS ROOM, AND SUDDENLY, THE STRANGE, TRANSLUCENT GLOW AND THE SOUND OF SOFT, FALLING BODIES STOPPED HIM IN HIS TRACKS...



RALPH... IT'S
ME! IS... IS
EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?

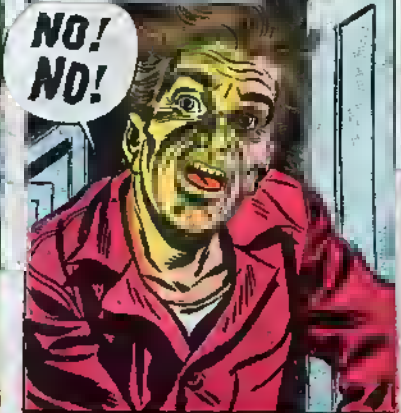


THERE WAS NO ANSWER AND HE SLOWLY OPENED THE DOOR AND FROZE IN HORROR...



AIEEEE

HIS LINEARLY SCREAM CAUSED THE GIANT CATERpillARS TO TURN TOWARD HIM... THEIR GAPING MOUTHS--THE LARGE WEAVING BODIES! THEY WERE COMING TOWARD HIM AND JOHN SUDDENLY FOUND THE STRENGTH TO FLEE...



NO!
NO!



NO... (SOB!) IT... IT
COULDN'T BE... (SOB!)
I... I MUST BE OUT
OF MY MIND!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HE SOUGHT OUT RALPH, AND FEARFULLY TOLD HIM WHAT HE HAD SEEN. BUT RALPH ONLY SMILED BLANDLY...

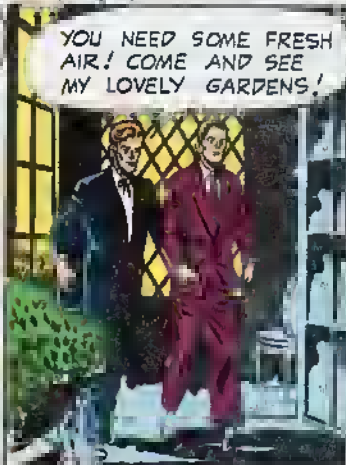
IN THE LIGHT OF THE DAY, IT DID SEEM LIKE A NIGHTMARE AND JOHN DECIDED TO SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT...

I FEEL SO TIRED!
IT MUST BE DUE TO THE BAD NIGHT YOU HAD. LET'S REST HERE AWHILE!



NONSENSE, OLD MAN...IT WAS A SIMPLE NIGHTMARE!

B-BUT, RALPH! I COULD SWEAR...



YOU NEED SOME FRESH AIR! COME AND SEE MY LOVELY GARDENS!



AS THEY SAT THERE, JOHN WAS SUDDENLY AWARE OF SOMETHING CRAWLING ON HIS SHOE...

AN OVERWHELMING FEELING OF REVULSION SWEEPED HIM AND BEFORE HE COULD STOP HIMSELF...



UGHHH! A CATERPILLAR!



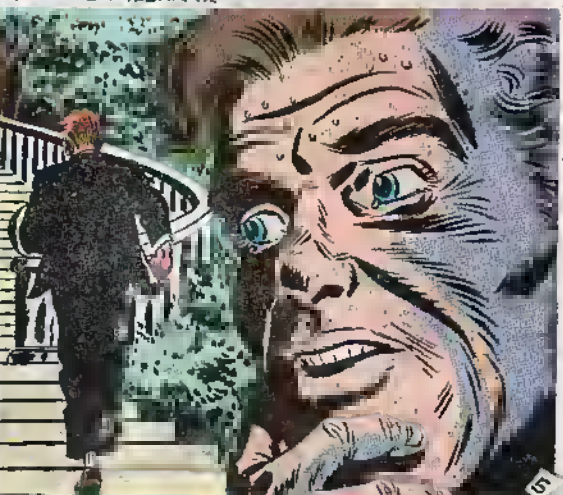
NO!



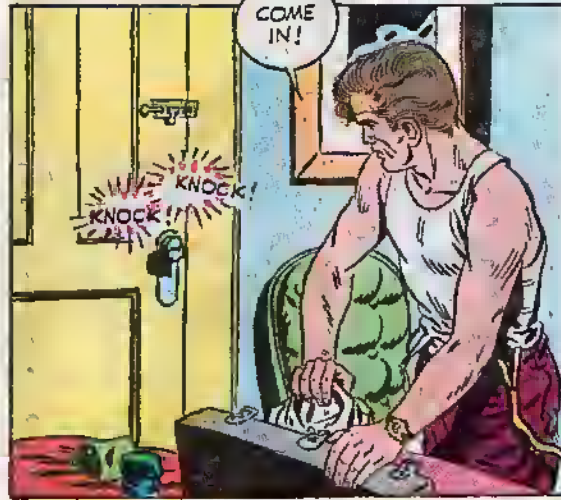
YOU FOOL! IT COULD HAVE BEEN SO BEAUTIFUL WHEN IT EMERGED IN ANOTHER STATE!

B-BUT...!

THE TOUCH OF RALPH'S HANDS...NOW HE KNEW WHAT IT FELT LIKE! THE PULPY SOFTNESS OF A CATERPILLAR...



HE SAW NO ONE ELSE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY AND ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT, HE DECIDED TO LEAVE...



COME IN!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

I'M SORRY FOR THE WAY I ACTED, JOHN. PLEASE STAY ON... AT LEAST FOR THE NIGHT! I'LL HAVE SOMEONE TAKE YOU TO THE STATION IN THE MORNING! IT'S MY NERVES...! LET'S NOT PART ON BAD TERMS!

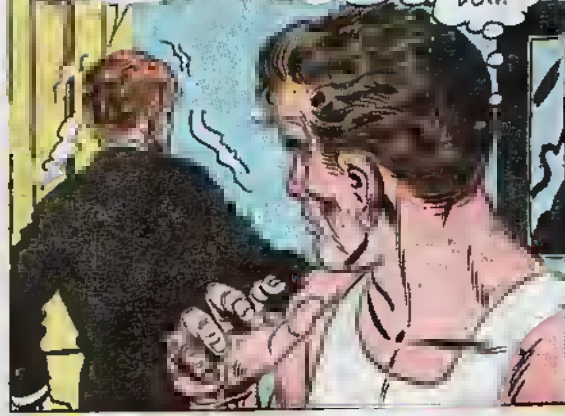
WELL... I... I GUESS I CAN JUST AS WELL GO IN THE MORNING!



THANKS, OLD MAN! IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT YOU'VE FORGIVEN ME!

THAT STRANGE WALK OF HIS... IT'S NOT A WALK AT ALL... HE MOVES AS THE OTHERS DO...

WHILE MORE, HE BEGAN TO SENSE SOME HIDDEN MENACE IN THE HOUSE AND IN ORDER TO BRING THE MOMENT OF DEPARTURE SOONER, HE RETIRED EARLY. BUT DURING THE NIGHT, STRANGE SOUNDS FILTERED INTO THE ROOM...



GOOD HEAVENS-- WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE MOANING...!



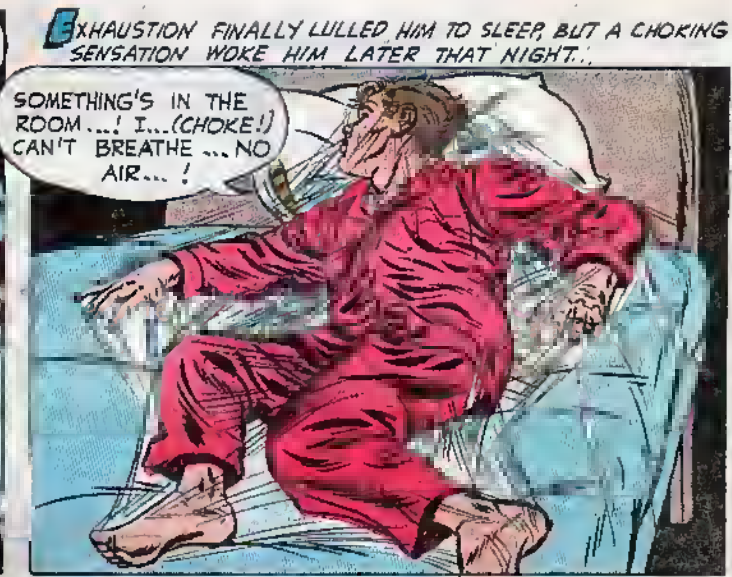
[GASP!] THEY'RE ALL THERE...! ALL OF THEM NEAR THE SPOT WHERE I KILLED THAT CATERPILLAR TODAY!



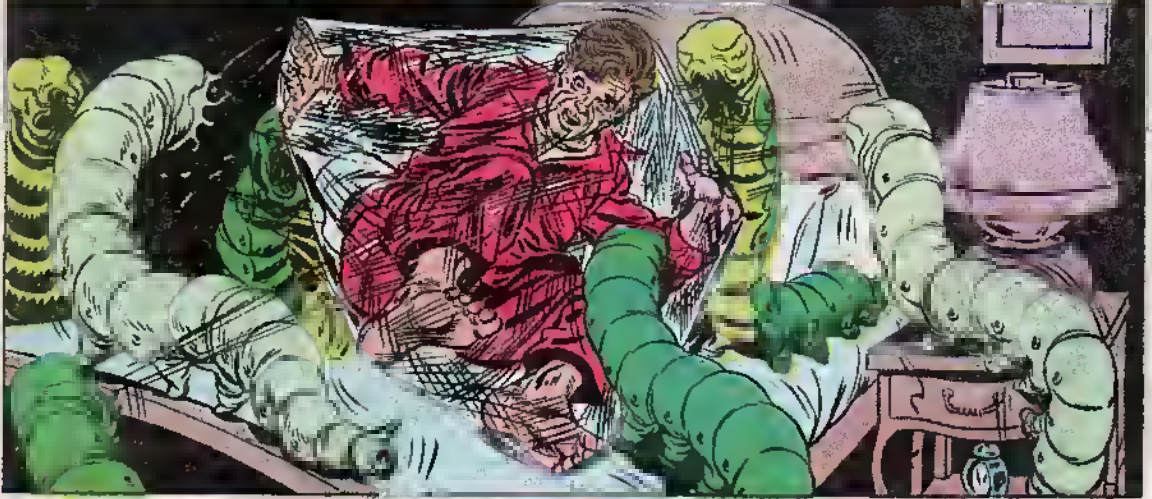
THEY'RE ACTING AS IF THEY LOST A CLOSE FRIEND!



WHY DIDN'T I LEAVE WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE...!? WHY...?

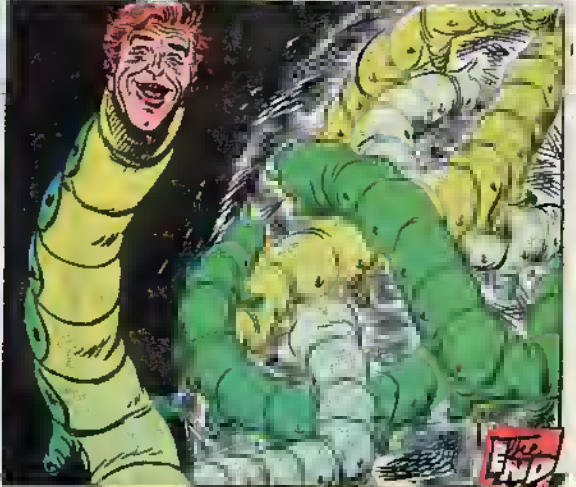


AND THEN, AS HIS EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS, HE KNEW-- AND HE BEGAN TO SCREAM... A SCREAM THAT BARELY PENETRATED THE COCOON HE WAS WRAPPED IN...



THEY WERE COMING TOWARD HIM... THOSE LARGE, WEAVING, PULPY MASSES... THE OPEN, GAPIING MOUTHS... CLOSER... AND CLOSER...

AND THAT WAS ALL HE REMEMBERED! HIS OWN SCREAMS DROWNING OUT RALPH'S HORRIBLE LAUGHTER... AND THEN, THEY WERE ON HIM!



CHAMBER OF CHILLS

TALES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE!

CHAMBER OF CHILLS

No. 8
MAY

NOW PUBLISHED MONTHLY

10¢
MAGAZINE

THE HORROR OF AGES
... THE SLIME OF HELL...
THE MADNESS OF GENIUS!
MIX WELL FOR THE...
FORMULA FOR DEATH!



LEE
ELIY

THE HALLS OF DEERE CASTLE SHRIEKED WITH THE MAD HOWLING LAUGHTER OF A GHOST WHICH WAS CALLED THE...

HEADLESS HORROR!



OF COURSE FRIENDS GHOSTS ARE THE BUNK. BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY EYEING A SO-CALLED HAUNTED HOUSE ON YOUR TV SCREENS!

VERN SHERARD'S "TV REPORTER" SHOW HAD AN AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS. SHERARD'S MOVIE CAMERAS HAD POKED INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE U.S.A. THEN, SHERARD WENT TO ENGLAND AND HIS FANS FOLLOWED HIS EVERY MOVE.

TV ROW SAYS VERN SHERARD IS FILMING A TERRIFIC TV SHOW OVER IN ENGLAND. TV'S BRIGHT LIGHT IS STAYING WITH LORD AND LADY STANDISH IN GRUMLEY, ENGLAND...



THE RADIO'S VOICE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND ECHOED IN ENGLISH SHORT-WAVE SETS...

--AND HURRY HOME, VERN! BROADWAY MISSES YOU!

WELL! WE CERTAINLY HAVE A FAMOUS GUEST!

HA-HA-HA--THE FAME BELONGS TO MY CAMERAS. STANDISH NOT TO ME...



THOUGH OUTWARDLY JOLLY, SHERARD HAD SUFFERED A DISAPPOINTMENT. HE HAD COME TO GRUMLEY TO TRACK DOWN THE HISTORY OF HIS ANCESTORS. BUT HE FOUND NO TRACE OF THEM IN GRUMLEY.

I SAY, SHERARD, WHAT KIND OF SHOW SHALL YOU FILM HERE AND TAKE BACK TO AMERICA? YOU SAY YOU'VE FOUND NO TRACE OF YOUR ANCESTORS, SO YOU CAN'T MAKE A FILM OF THAT...

WELL I BELIEVE MY SECOND CHOICE WILL BE TO FILM THE STORY OF GRUMLEY'S HAUNTED CASTLE



FILMING THE STORY OF THE GHOST? HA-HA-HA! WHY YOU COULD SPEND A NIGHT THERE! YOU KNOW-- SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT!

LAVINIA-- PLEASE DON'T JOKE ABOUT IT. I SAY THE PLACE HAD BEST BE LEFT ALONE!

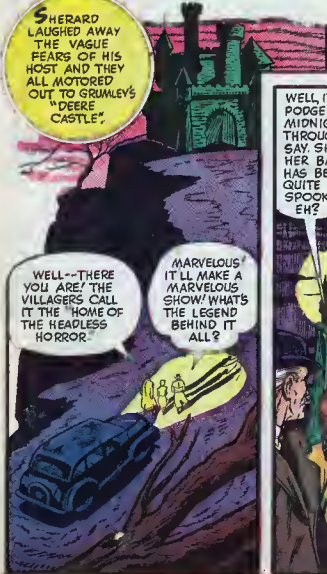


BUT I CAN'T LEAVE IT ALONE! IT'S A NATURAL! IT'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC SHOW! SURELY YOU'RE NOT SAYING YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, SIR STANDISH?

WELL-- IF YOU PIN ME DOWN-- NO, I DON'T! BUT WHY TEMPT FATE? BUT, OH WELL, I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO THE CASTLE--



SHERARD LAUGHED AWAY THE VAGUE FEARS OF HIS HOST AND THEY ALL MOTORED OUT TO GRUMLEY'S "DEERE CASTLE".



WELL-- THERE YOU ARE! THE VILLAGERS CALL IT THE "HOME OF THE HEADLESS HORROR".

MARVELOUS! IT'LL MAKE A MARVELOUS SHOW! WHAT'S THE LEGEND BEHIND IT ALL?

WELL, IT'S A CRAZY HODGE-PODGE OF FICTION. AT MIDNIGHT A WOMAN ROAMS THROUGH THE CASTLE, THEY SAY. SHE HAS A SWORD IN HER BACK-- AND HER HEAD HAS BEEN CUT OFF. HA-HA-HA! QUITE A SPOOK, EH?

TERRIFIC! A MOVIE OF ME SPENDING A NIGHT ALONE IN THERE WILL BE TERRIFIC!



AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT ONE NIGHT...

THERE! THE CAMERAS WILL TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARK WITH THAT INFRARED FILM. NOW LET ME AT THAT CASTLE'S HEADLESS HORROR



SO THEY DROVE TO THE LONELY CASTLE, WHERE BLIND WINDS WAILED AN EERIE CHORUS. SHERARD SET UP THE CAMERAS IN THE WEAPONS ROOM, THE ROOM WHERE THE HEADLESS HORROR WAS ALLEGED TO WALK...



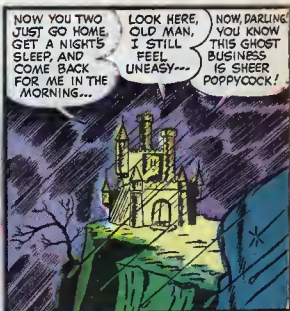
THERE--I'M READY. COME MIDNIGHT--AND A TOUCH OF THIS BUTTON ON THE HAND MIKE AND THESE CAMERAS TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARKNESS.

QUITE AN INTRICATE BUSINESS THIS TRAPPING OF A GHOST FOR TELEVISION...

NOW YOU TWO JUST GO HOME, GET A NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND COME BACK FOR ME IN THE MORNING...

LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I STILL FEEL UNEASY---

NOW, DARLING, YOU KNOW THIS GHOST BUSINESS IS SHEER POPPYCOCK!



AND SO VERN SHERARD WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE HAUNT OF THE HEADLESS HORROR...



NOW I WAIT TILL MIDNIGHT. HUH--IT'S FUNNY--AND IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT I FEEL SOMEHOW AS IF I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE...

THE NIGHT'S GLOOM THICKENED... AND THE MYSTERIOUS HOUR OF MIDNIGHT CAME. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE BEDROOM OF SIR AND LADY STANDISH---

AHHH! HE SCREAMED, HE SCREAMED! HE SCREAMED! HE SCREAMED! HE SCREAMED! I HEARD HIM SCREAM--GASP!--

EDWARD--YAWN? WHAT IS IT? ARE YOU TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE! I HEARD HIM SCREAM--GASP!--



I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS. BUT I HEARD SHERARD SCREAM! I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM--NOW--AT ONCE!

DARLING, ARE YOU MAD?



BUT SIR EDWARD STANDISH WAS DETERMINED, SPURRED ON BY THE SCREAM HE HAD SOMEHOW HEARD IN HIS SLEEP HE QUICKLY SET OUT FOR DEERE CASTLE...

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I JUST HAD TO GO NOW!



THE CAR SHRIEKED TO A HALT BEFORE THE DARK AND SILENT CASTLE, CHILLED BY A FEAR HE COULD NOT NAME, SIR STANDISH DASHED INSIDE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY HIS WIFE...

SHERARD!
ARE YOU--
OH!!!

EDWARD---
YAAAA!!



AHH, I KNEW IT! KNEW SOMETHING TERRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN IN THIS CURSED PLACE! MAYBE THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED-- MAYBE THE HEADLESS HORROR IS--

EDWARD, STOP STOP!
IT WAS JUST-- JUST
A GHASTLY ACCIDENT--
NOTHING MORE!

AN ACCIDENT? THERE'S A WAY TO FIND OUT! HERE-- THESE CAMERAS-- THE FILM HAS BEEN USED! I'LL HAVE IT DEVELOPED-- THEN WE CAN SEE WHAT-- REALLY HAPPENED TO THE POOR DEVIL!

EDWARD (SOB)
TAKE ME HOME
--(SOB)-- TAKE
ME HOME!



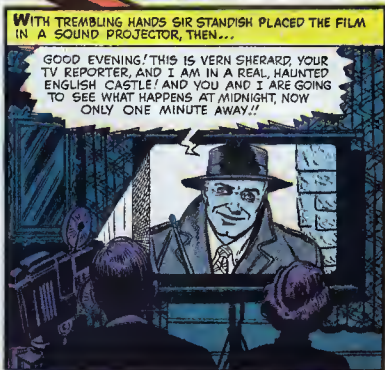
LATE THE NEXT DAY---

THE FILM JUST ARRIVED FROM THE CHEMIST'S, DARLING. THEY RUSHED THE DEVELOPMENT AS YOU ASKED. SHALL WE-- SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK--?

YES, YES!
-NOW-- WHILE
THE REPORTERS
AND POLICE
ARE AWAY! WE'LL
PLAY IT IN
THE STUDY.

WITH TREMBLING HANDS SIR STANDISH PLACED THE FILM IN A SOUND PROJECTOR, THEN...

GOOD EVENING! THIS IS VERN SHERARD, YOUR TV REPORTER, AND I AM IN A REAL, HAUNTED ENGLISH CASTLE! AND YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT, NOW ONLY ONE MINUTE AWAY!!







DARLING!
GOOD LORD
--SHE'S
FAINTED!

AS ONCE I OFFERED
BLOOD TO YOU --
NOW YOU MUST
COME TO ME...



I'VE NOT DONE
YOU ANY HARM --
;GASP!-- KEEP
AWAY -- PLEASE!
HA-HA -- TH-THIS
IS ALL A JOKE!!

IF YOU
WILL NOT
COME TO ME
-- THEN I'
SHALL COME
TO YOU --



I COME
TO YOU...

YAAAAA!



DIE -- HA-HA-HA-HA --
DIE WITH STEEL AS
ONCE YOU KILLED
ME!! HA-HA-HA-HA...

ARGGH --
HELP --
;COUGH;
H..E..L..P.

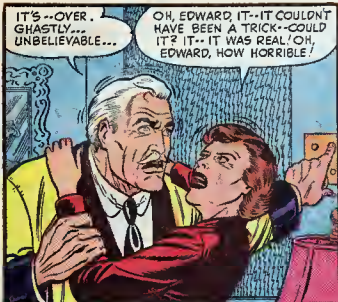


MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE!!
DEATH HAS MADE THE
FULL CIRCLE!! NOW --
NOW -- I CAN HAVE
MY REST -- MY REST
SO LONG
OVERDUE!!



LOOK, SHE'S -- SHE'S
FADING AWAY --
DISSOLVING INTO --
NOTHINGNESS!!

OH!! EDWARD --
EDWARD -- PLEASE --
DON'T LET HER --
GET ME!! OH!! I
CAN'T LOOK...



IT'S -- OVER .
GHASTLY...
UNBELIEVABLE...

OH, EDWARD, IT--IT COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN A TRICK--COULD
IT? IT--IT WAS REAL! OH,
EDWARD, HOW HORRIBLE!



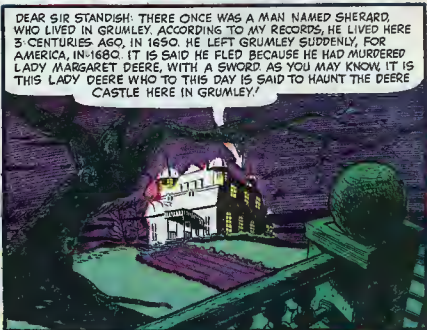
BEG PARDON, SIR.
THIS LETTER-- IT
JUST CAME FOR YOU
BY SPECIAL POST.

LETTER? I--YES
ALL RIGHT-- BRING
IT HERE...



WHO --
WHOS IT
FROM?

THE VILLAGE REGISTRAR
SENT IT. I ASKED HIM
A WEEK AGO TO SEE IF
HE HAD ANY RECORD OF
SHERARD'S ANCESTORS
HERE IN GRUMLEY.
AND--AND-- LOOK!
**JUST READ THIS!!
READ IT!!**

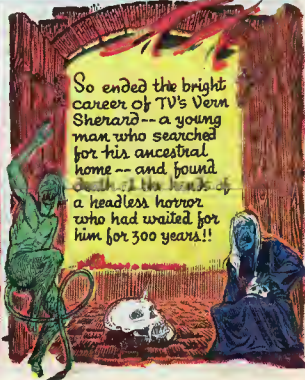


DEAR SIR STANDISH: THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED SHERARD, WHO LIVED IN GRUMLEY. ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS, HE LIVED HERE 3 CENTURIES AGO, IN 1650. HE LEFT GRUMLEY SUDDENLY, FOR AMERICA, IN 1680. IT IS SAID HE FLED BECAUSE HE HAD MURDERED LADY MARGARET DEERE, WITH A SWORD. AS YOU MAY KNOW, IT IS THIS LADY DEERE WHO TO THIS DAY IS SAID TO HAUNT THE DEERE CASTLE HERE IN GRUMLEY!



BUT I DIDN'T KNOW!
I DIDN'T KNOW
THERE WAS ANY
CONNECTION!

EDWARD-- YOU MEAN-- THAT A
WOMAN DEAD 300 YEARS--
THAT SHE TOOK REVENGE ON
THE FAR ANCESTOR OF THE MAN
WHO KILLED HER! OH,
EDWARD-- EDWARD--
IS IT POSSIBLE?



So ended the bright
career of TV's Vern
Sherard-- a young
man who searched
for his ancestral
home -- and found
death in the hands of
a headless horror
who had waited for
him for 300 years!!

STANDARD
COMICS

STRANGE, EERIE, TERRIFYING

OUT OF THE

No. 9

SHADOWS



TILL DEATH
DO US PART

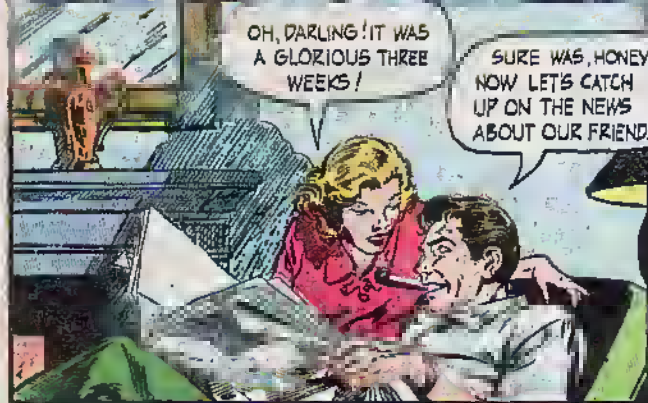
EACH MORNING A NEW BRIDE RISES FROM BED TREMBLING IN FEAR, AFRAID TO FACE THE DAY! EACH DAWN HER DEVOTED LOVER SHUDDERS IN HORROR AT WHAT'S AHEAD! HOW CAN THIS BE HONEYMOON BLISS, SHATTERED BY THEIR SHRIEKS AND GROANS? BUT YOU, TOO, WOULD FACE EACH HOUR WITH TERROR - IF WITHIN THE HOUSE WITH YOU WERE A GRUESOME GUEST KNOWN AS...

The CORPSE THAT CAME TO DINNER



8-1645

RETURNING FROM THEIR HONEYMOON, DAN PARKER AND HIS NEW BRIDE, JOYCE, TAKE UP LIFE IN THEIR SUBURBAN COTTAGE...



OH, DARLING! IT WAS A GLORIOUS THREE WEEKS!

SURE WAS, HONEY! NOW LET'S CATCH UP ON THE NEWS ABOUT OUR FRIENDS!



GOOD HEAVENS! THIS OBITUARY... HENRY CLAYTON, OUR OLD FRIEND... DEAD! AND HE... HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!

OH, NO!



LOOK FOR THIS BANNER WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE

IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF WHOLESOME READING





HENRY? SUICIDE? (SOB)
HE... HE WAS YOUR RIVAL,
DAN... FOR ME! HE SAID
ONCE IF HE LOST ME, HE'D
END IT ALL! OH, HOW...
HOW AWFUL! (SOB)



LATER THAT DAY AT THE SMALL
PRIVATE CEMETERY ON THE
CLAYTON ESTATE...

THE FOOL,
THE FOOL!

HUSH, DEAR! THE
LEAST WE CAN DO
IS VISIT HIS
GRAVE!



POOR HENRY! REST
IN PEACE... DAN!
THAT SOUND...
LIKE DIGGING?

FROM THE
FRESH GRAVE
ITSELF! WHAT?



HELLO, DAN AND JOYCE... MY DEAR
FRIENDS... GREETINGS FROM THE
GRAVE! HA HA HA HA HA!

EKK! HENRY... ALIVE!



NO, NOT ALIVE, MY
DEAR! I'M DEAD...
A CORPSE... A GHOST!
BUT I WANT TO HOLD
YOU IN MY ARMS
ONCE MORE, MY LOVE!
HA HA HA HA!

OH H H H!



L-LET HER GO, YOU
FIEND! SHE'S NOT
FOR YOU... SHE'S
MINE!



DAN AND JOYCE STUMBLE AWAY, IN TERRIFIED
LOATHING... BUT FOLLOWED BY MOCKING WORDS!

LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!

BUT YOU WON'T GET RID
OF ME THIS EASILY!
WAIT AND SEE! HA HA!



LATER...
DOOR LOCKED---WE'RE SAFE! WHAT A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE! TURN ON THE LIGHTS, DEAR!

WE'RE HOME AGAIN... THANK HEAVEN!



HELLO! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?

EEEEEE! TU-THE GHOST.... WAITING FOR US!



MY GUN... I'll- I'll GET RID OF YOU!

BANG!
BANG!



FOOL! HOW CAN YOU KILL A GHOST... A DEAD MAN? AND THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, JOYCE... CALLING THE POLICE!

POLICE... HELP... THERE'S A GHOST IN OUR HOUSE AND...



SHOUL? LISTEN, LADY, DON'T TRY ANY PRACTICAL JOKES ON US! GOODBYE! CLICK!

SEE, MY DEAR? BESIDES, HOW COULD THE POLICE PUT A GHOST IN JAIL-- A GHOST MAN? NO LAW COVERS THAT! HA HA HA HA!



DON'T COME A STEP NEARER...!

RELAX, YOU POOR MORTAL FOOLS! I'M NOT GOING TO HARM YOU!



Y-YOU'RE NOT GOING TO K-KILL US... IN REVENGE... OVER LOSING ME?

NO, MY DEAR! DAN CAN HAVE YOU! I WON'T HARM A HAIR OF YOUR HEAD... OR HIS! I PROMISE!



ALL I'M GOING TO DO IS STAY HERE...LIVE WITH YOU... AS YOUR GUEST! ISN'T THAT NICE!

STAY? OH, NO---



WRETCHED INGRATES! I LOST JOYCE... AND MY LIFE... EVERYTHING! CAN'T YOU LET ME STAY? ISN'T THAT THE LEAST YOU CAN DO TO ATONE FOR! DRIVING ME TO A TRAGIC END!



OH DAN! HE'S RIGHT, IN A WAY! I-I FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH!

ANYWAY, WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? WE CAN'T KILL HIM... ARREST HIM... GET RID OF HIM! AND IF WE ANGER HIM, HE MIGHT... NO, WE HAVE TO LET HIM STAY!



ALL RIGHT, THAT'S SETTLED! WE'LL BE SO COZY TOGETHER, JUST THE THREE OF US! HAH HAH! NOW WHEN DO WE EAT?



THE FOLLOWING DAYS ARE A NIGHTMARE FOR THE NEWLYWEDS, THEIR BLISS SHATTERED BY THEIR HORRIBLE GUEST!

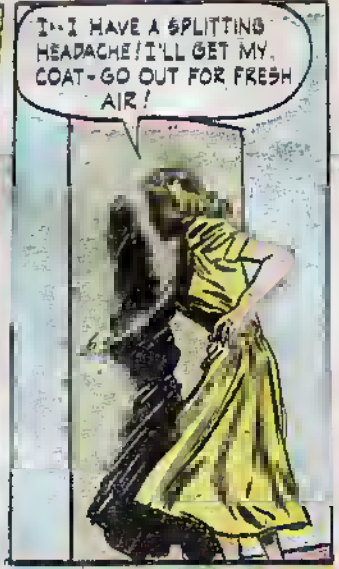
NOT BAD, JOYCE, THIS ROAST! BUT OF COURSE I'D MUCH PREFER ANOTHER KIND OF MEAT---HUMAN FLESH!



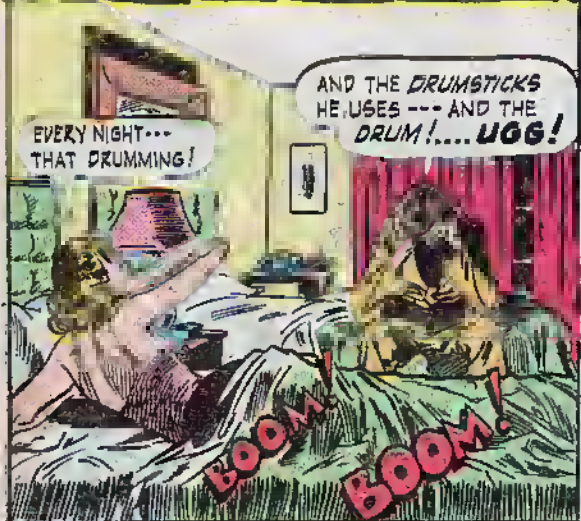
YES, YOU MIGHT CALL ME THE CORPSE WHO CAME TO DINNER! HAAA! THAT'S GOOD, EH? HAH HAAA!



REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO PLAY CARDS TOGETHER IN THE OLD DAYS-- WHEN I WAS ALIVE? COME ON, JOIN ME! YOU CAN'T REFUSE... I'M YOUR GUEST, YOU KNOW!



NIGHT IS A SLEEPLESS HORROR FOR DAN AND JOYCE...



ONE EVENING, THERE IS CLIMACTIC HORROR WHEN...



THIS STEW... STRANGE ODOR!

BEST MEAT WE EVER HAD! YOU SEE, I ROBBED A GRAVE LAST NIGHT, AND THE CHOICE CUTS OF MEAT YOU FOUND IN YOUR ICEBOX WERE ...

(4)

...FROM A HUMAN CORPSE! DELICIOUS, ISN'T IT?



GULP!

...FROM A HUMAN CORPSE! DELICIOUS, ISN'T IT?

Y-YOU HEARTLESS FIEND!

GET RID OF IT— ALL OF IT!



HOW LONG WILL THIS GO ON? WE CAN'T STAND IT... YOU MUST LEAVE... YOU MUST!



TUT, TUT! SUCH UNKIND WORDS! I LIKE IT HERE!

ONE NIGHT, AT THE BRINK OF STARK MADNESS...



I CAN'T ENDURE THIS MUCH LONGER, DARLING... (SOB!) WH-WHAT IF THAT THING STAYS WITH US ALL OUR LIVES? (SOB!) ... (SOB!)

HUSH, HONEY! I HAVE A PLAN!

I LOOKED UP A VODOO DOCTOR! HE DEALS IN FORBIDDEN BLACK MAGIC, AND HAS A RARE VODOO POISON THAT CAN PARALYZE A GHOST! BUT THE PRICE IS \$5000... ALL WE HAVE IN THE WORLD!



WHO CARES? HERE, PAWN MY JEWELS! GET THAT POISON-- AT ANY PRICE!

6

AT THE NEXT DINNER...

MMM... THIS WINE ISN'T BAD! I'LL HAVE SOME MORE.



S-SOMETHING'S WRONG... I... I FEEL DIZZY... MY MUSCLES... STIFFENING! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME--?

I'LL TELL YOU NOW, YOU FUGITIVE FROM THE GRAVE!



I SLIPPED THIS VOOODOO POISON INTO YOUR DRINK... IT MAKES EVEN A GHOST HELPLESS... PARALYZES HIM! AT LAST WE CAN GET RID OF YOU, HENRY!



NO--NO! THIS IS... HORRIBLE MISTAKE... LISTEN... SAVE ME... HELP ME... YOU SEE, I'M REALLY... AHHHHHHHHHH!

YOU SPOKE YOUR LAST WORDS, MONSTER! NOW YOUR THROAT IS PARALYZED, TOO!



LATER...

IT WORKED, DARLING! BACK TO THE GRAVE HE GOES, AS SOON AS I DIG IT OPEN AGAIN!



HIS FACE... STARING EYES... FROZEN IN FEAR! I ALMOST FEEL HIS APPEALING TO US, DESPERATELY... BUT IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION!



DAN AND JOYCE HEAR NOTHING OF THE FRANTIC THOUGHTS OF THE PARALYZED FIGURE...

STOP... FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN! DON'T BURY ME... IT'S WRONG... WRONG!



BACK WHERE YOU BELONG,
DEAD MAN! AND STAY THERE
...FOREVER!



I WENT MAD...UTTERLY MAD!
I WANTED TO MAKE YOU BOTH
SUFFER, WHEN I LOST JOYCE! I
WANTED TO WRECK YOUR
HAPPINESS... BUT I'M SORRY
FOR THE TRICK I PLAYED...
NOW! PLEASE, CAN'T
YOU HEAR ME...?

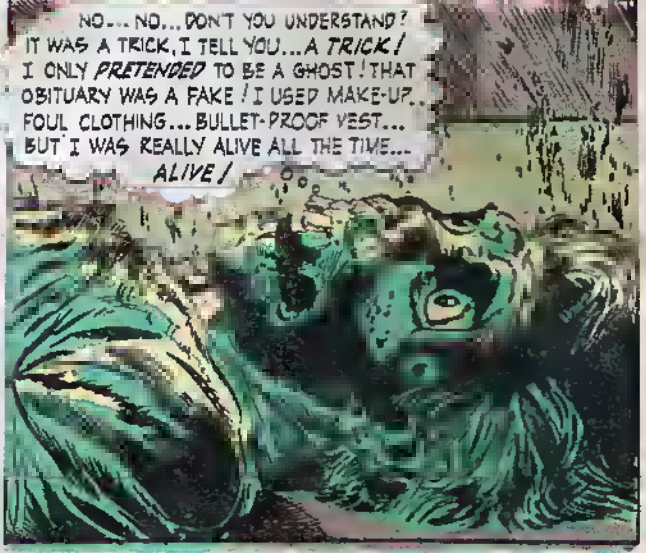


**BUT ONLY THE DARKNESS HEARS, AND DAN
FINISHES HIS GRUESOME TASK!**

HORRIBLE JOB!
... BUT STILL, WE'RE
DOING NOTHING
WRONG... AFTER ALL,
IT'S A CORPSE
WE'RE BURYING!

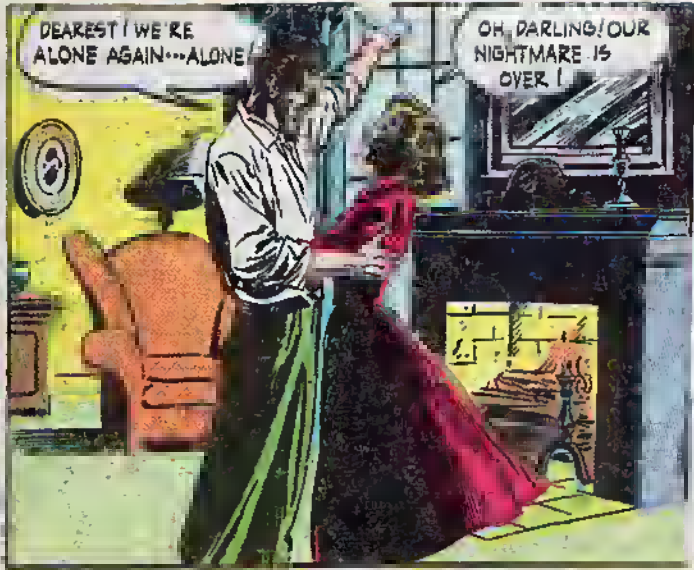


NO... NO... DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
IT WAS A TRICK, I TELL YOU... A TRICK!
I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE A GHOST! THAT
OBITUARY WAS A FAKE! I USED MAKE-UP...
FOUL CLOTHING... BULLET-PROOF VEST...
BUT I WAS REALLY ALIVE ALL THE TIME...
ALIVE!



DEAREST! WE'RE
ALONE AGAIN... ALONE!

OH, DARLING! OUR
NIGHTMARE IS
OVER!



**BUT FOR HENRY CLAYTON THE NIGHTMARE
IS JUST STARTING...**

PLEASE... DON'T
YOU HEAR ME...
I'M BURIED ALIVE!
EEAAAAAAA!!



THE
End



TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

JUNE-JULY 10c
No.16

EERIE

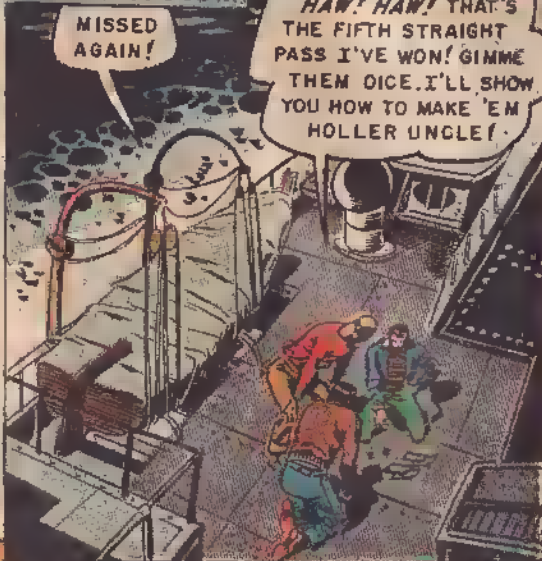
MUMMY
12th CENTURY

The CHAMBER of DEATH
HONEYMOON of HORROR



THE THING FROM THE SEA!

ON BOARD THE FREIGHT STEAMER HAYANA, UNDER THE SHADOW OF A LIFEBOAT, THREE SAILORS TOSS DICE...

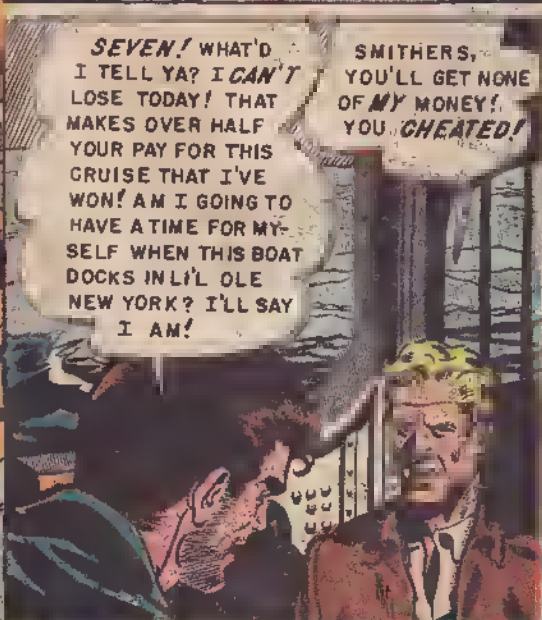


MISSED AGAIN!

HAW! HAW! THAT'S THE FIFTH STRAIGHT PASS I'VE WON! GIMME THEM DICE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE 'EM HOLLER UNCLE!

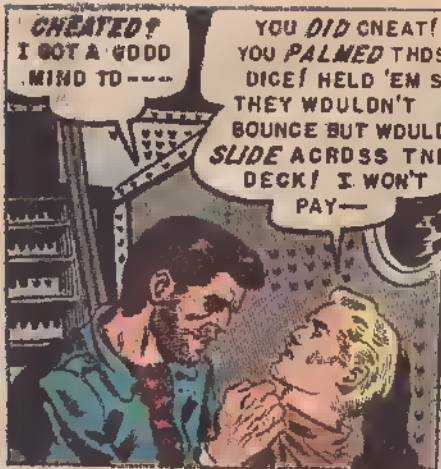
SEVEN! WHAT'D I TELL YA? I CAN'T LOSE TODAY! THAT MAKES OVER HALF YOUR PAY FOR THIS CRUISE THAT I'VE WON! AM I GOING TO HAVE A TIME FOR MYSELF WHEN THIS BOAT DOCKS IN LI'L OLE NEW YORK? I'LL SAY I AM!

SMITHERS, YOU'LL GET NONE OF MY MONEY! YOU CHEATED!



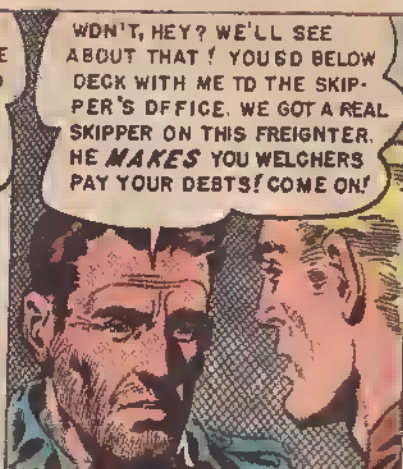
IT CAME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, A ROTTING SOMETHING FROM WHICH THE FLESH SLOUGHED OFF AS IT WALKED. THE HOLLOW, WHERE ITS EYES HAD GLARED OUT AT THE WORLD... AS IF ETERNALLY SEEKING SOMEONE... AS IT WALKED, PAST THE ANCIENT WRECKS, AND THE FISH THAT PLAYED IN THEM, ITS HANDS REACHED OUT, CLAWING, AS THOUGH TO REACH THE MAN IT WANTED.

AND IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING, ABLE SEAMAN JOHNNY SMITHERS LAUGHED AND LOVED, NEVER DREAMING THAT DESTINY WAS COMING HIS WAY ON DEAD FEET, NO NEED FOR HIM TO WORRY... OR WAS THERE?

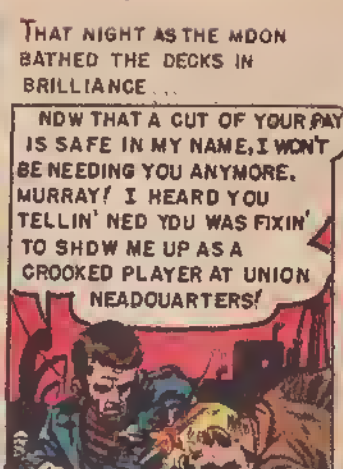


CHEATED?
I GOT A GOOD
MIND TO ---

YOU DID CHEAT!
YOU PALMED THOSE
DICE! HELD 'EM SO
THEY WOULDN'T
BOUNCE BUT WOULD
SLIDE ACROSS THE
DECK! I WON'T
PAY ---



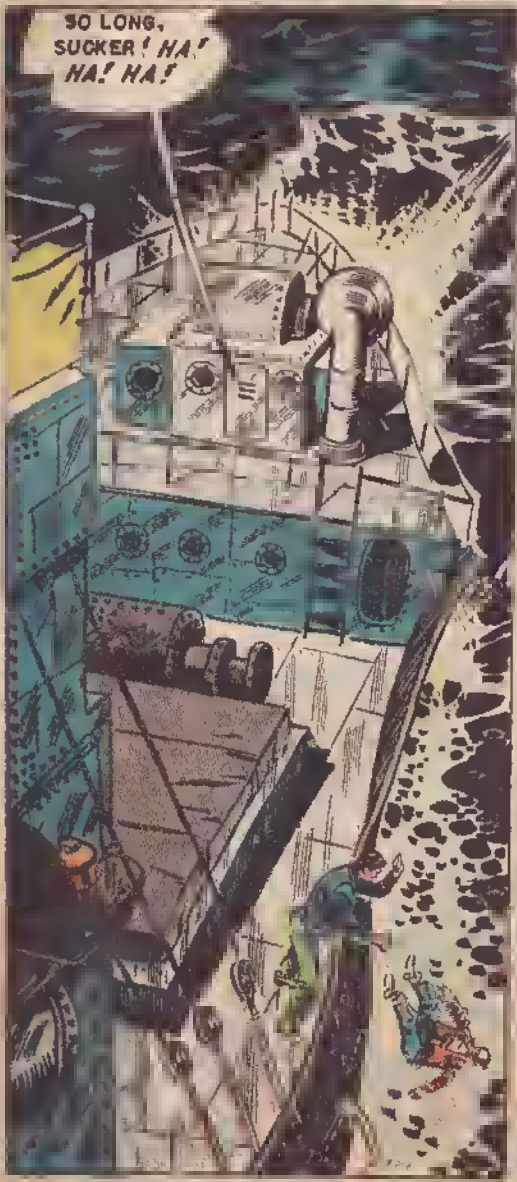
WO'DN'T, HEY? WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT! YOU'ED BELOW
DECK WITH ME TO THE SKIP-
PER'S OFFICE. WE GOT A REAL
SKIPPER ON THIS FREIGHTER.
HE **MAKES** YOU WELCHERS
PAY YOUR DEBTS! COME ON!



NOW THAT A CUT OF YOUR PAY
IS SAFE IN MY NAME, I WON'T
BE NEEDING YOU ANYMORE.
MURRAY! I HEARD YOU
TELLIN' NED YDU WAS FIXIN'
TO SHDW ME UP AS A
CROOKED PLAYER AT UNION
HEADQUARTERS!

A BLUNT THUD IN THE NIGHT! A HEAVE OF
POWERFUL SHOULDERS AND SEAMAN EDDIE
MURRAY GOES HURLING OVER THE SHIP'S
SIDE --- HIS GRAVE THE BROAD ATLANTIC.

DOWN THROUGH THE COLD DEPTHS OF THE GREEN-GREY
WATER SLIDES THE LIMP BODY OF SEAMAN MURRAY...



SO LONG,
SUCKER! HA!
HA! HA!



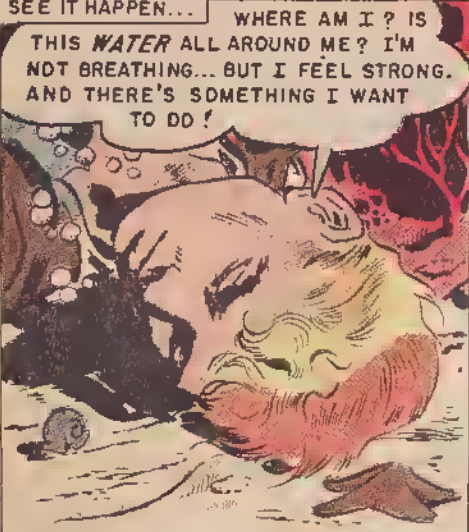
FOR A LITTLE WHILE A STREAM OF BUBBLES RISES FROM
HIS MOUTH, AND AFTER A TIME, THEY STOP.



SLOWLY THE DEAD MAN SETTLES INTO THE DDZE AND
MUD OF THE OCEAN'S FLDOR. HIS EYES OPEN TO STARE
SIGHTLESSLY. HE STIRS --- AND LIFTS AN ARM...



EDDIE MURRAY! YOU ARE DEAD. YOU WERE KILLED BY JOHNNY SMITHERS! REMEMBER? NO... YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER. YOU DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN...

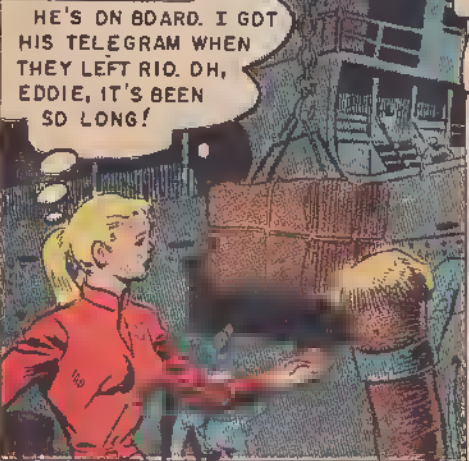


WHERE AM I? IS THIS WATER ALL AROUND ME? I'M NOT BREATHING... BUT I FEEL STRONG. AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!

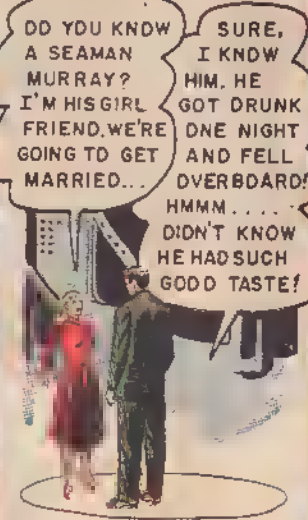
FISH NIBBLING AT MY FLESH... BUT I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING. JUST WANT TO WALK... UNTIL I FIND... WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...



WHILE THE WALKING HORROR STALKS THE OCEAN BOTTOM, THE HAVANA DOCKS IN NEW YORK...



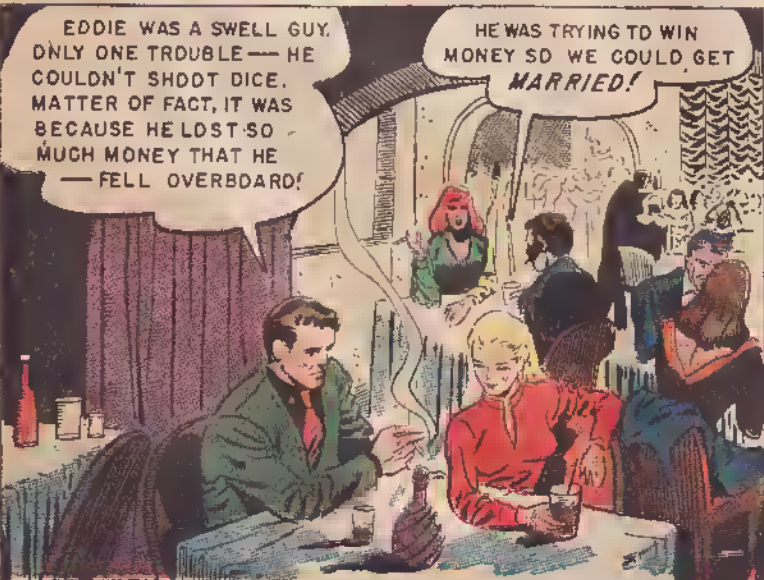
HE'S ON BOARD. I GOT HIS TELEGRAM WHEN THEY LEFT RIO. OH, EDDIE, IT'S BEEN SO LONG!



DO YOU KNOW A SEAMAN MURRAY? I'M HIS GIRL FRIEND, WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED... SURE, I KNOW HIM. HE GOT DRUNK ONE NIGHT AND FELL OVERBOARD! HMMM... DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD SUCH GOOD TASTE!



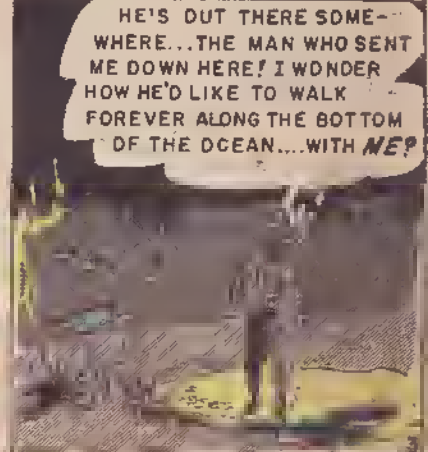
O-OVERBOARD...? SOB! POOR EDDIE... OH, MY POOR DARLING! NO SENSE CRYIN' OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED! COME ALONG WITH ME AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



EDDIE WAS A SWELL GUY. ONLY ONE TROUBLE — HE COULDN'T SHOOT DICE. MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS BECAUSE HE LOST SO MUCH MONEY THAT HE — FELL OVERBOARD!

HE WAS TRYING TO WIN MONEY SO WE COULD GET MARRIED!

MOVING SLOWLY PAST THE WRECK OF A LONG SUNKEN SHIP, FEET SLOGGING IN THE MUD, A THING THAT ONCE WAS HUMAN STALKS FORWARD...



HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... THE MAN WHO SENT ME DOWN HERE! I WONDER HOW HE'D LIKE TO WALK FOREVER ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN... WITH ME?

JOHNNY SMITHERS AND HELEN JONES SOON FORGET EDDIE MURRAY. IT IS TOO MUCH FUN BEING ALIVE...

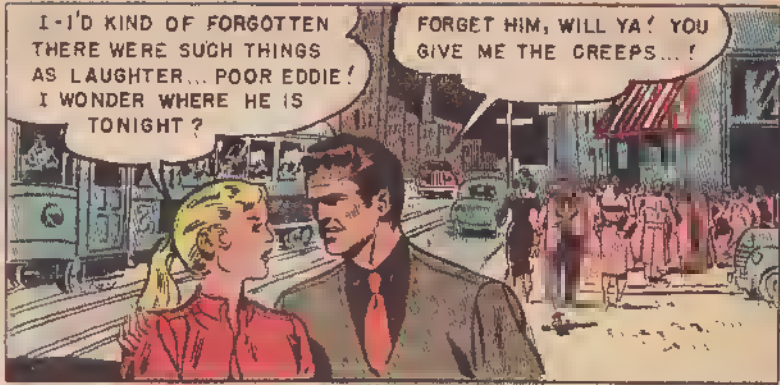
LET YOURSELF GO, BABY!

I'M HAVING SO MUCH FUN!



I-I'D KIND OF FORGOTTEN THERE WERE SUCH THINGS AS LAUGHTER... POOR EDDIE! I WONDER WHERE HE IS TONIGHT?

FORGET HIM, WILL YA? YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS...!



I'LL MAKE YOU FORGET HIM... OHHH...

SOME HOURS LATER, AS JOHNNY TOSSES IN BED, HE HEARS A VOICE CALLING... JOOOHNNY JOHNNY SMITHERS... CAN YOU HEAR MEEEE? I AM CALLING TO YOU...




HELLOOOO, JOHNNY! REMEMBER MEEEE? EDDIE MURRAY! THE MAN YOU KILLED AND THREW OVER-BOARD!

I'M COMING FOR YOU, JOOOHNNY! I'M LONELY DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!


NO! GO AWAY... YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE ROTTING AWAY! YOU AREN'T ALIVE...

AAAAAGHHH! GET AWAY... AGHHH! NO... NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN THERE... NOT WITH YOU... AAAAGGHHH!







A NIGHTMARE!
SURE, THAT'S
WHAT IT WAS! I'VE
HAD 'EM BEFORE
BUT NEVER SO
REAL AS THIS!



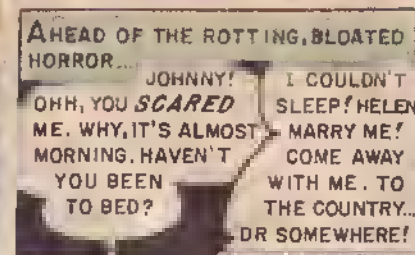
WHAT A SAP I AM TO
GET DRESSED AND COME
WAY DOWN HERE TO THE
DOCKS TO SEE IF... IF
MY DREAM WOULD
COME TRUE!




GUESS I'M JUST PLAIN STUPID!
BUT THAT DREAM WAS SO REAL!
I COULD FEEL HIS *ROTTING*
HANDS! AND THOSE AWFUL,
STARING EYES...



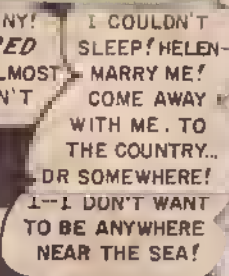
THE WATER IS ALL GONE, I'M
STANDING HERE IN THE
AIR. I'M ON A DOCK. SOME-
WHERE OUT THERE I'LL
FIND HIM...



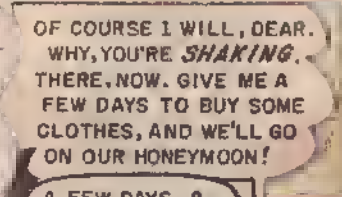
AHEAD OF THE ROTTING, BLOATED
HORROR...




JOHNNY!
OHH, YOU *SCARED*
ME. WHY, IT'S ALMOST
MORNING. HAVEN'T
YOU BEEN
TO BED?




I COULDN'T
SLEEP! HELEN-
MARRY ME!
COME AWAY
WITH ME. TO
THE COUNTRY...
OR SOMEWHERE!
I-- I DON'T WANT
TO BE ANYWHERE
NEAR THE SEA!



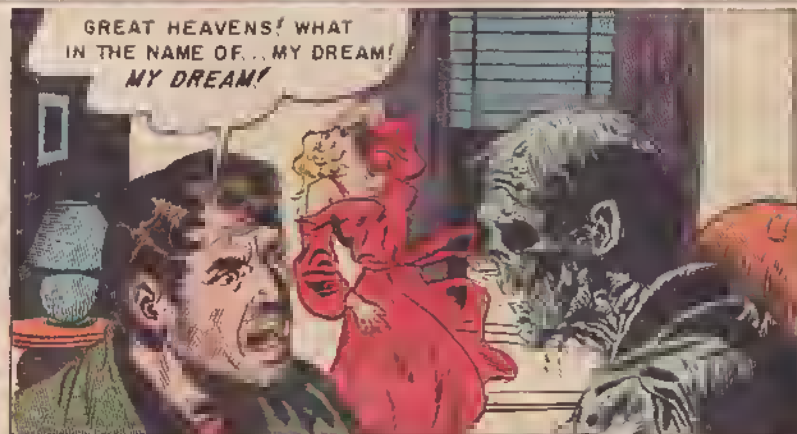
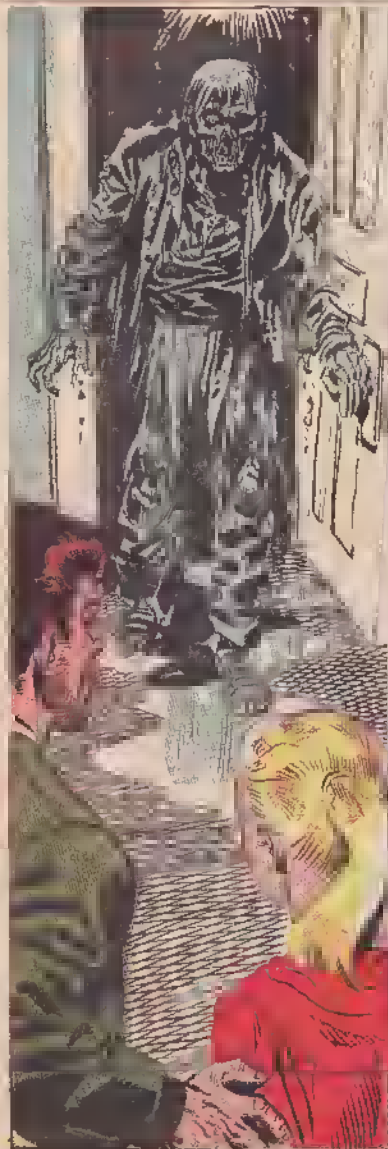
OF COURSE I WILL, DEAR.
WHY, YOU'RE *SHAKING*.
THERE, NOW. GIVE ME A
FEW DAYS TO BUY SOME
CLOTHES, AND WE'LL GO
ON OUR HONEYMOON!



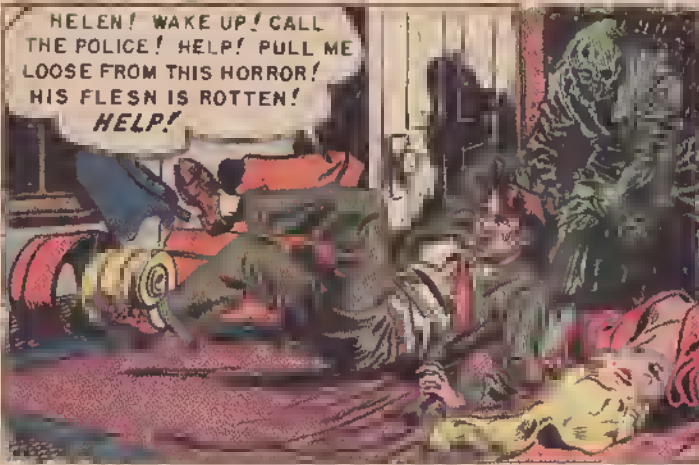
A FEW DAYS...?
NO! NO, IT'S GOT
TO BE *NOW!*



JOHNNY... I'M COMING! WAIT
FOR MEEEEEE... I CAN'T WALK
VERY FAST, JOHNNY, BECAUSE
IF I GO FAST, A LOT OF ME
WILL BREAK OFF AND FALL...

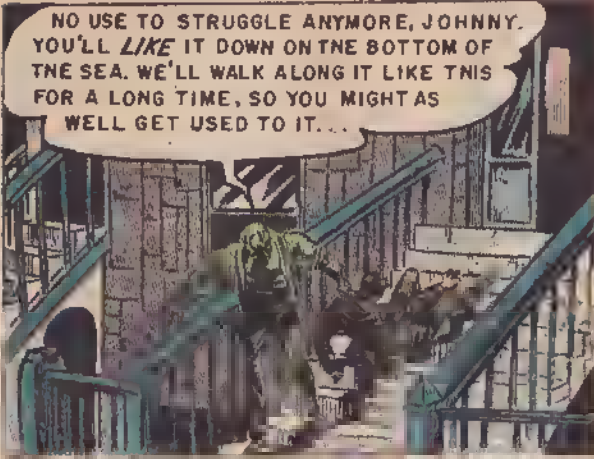


HELEN! WAKE UP! CALL THE POLICE! HELP! PULL ME LOOSE FROM THIS HORROR! HIS FLESH IS ROTTEN! HELP!



IN THE EARLY DAWN OF A NEW YORK MORNING... WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...

NO USE TO STRUGGLE ANYMORE, JOHNNY. YOU'LL LIKE IT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. WE'LL WALK ALONG IT LIKE THIS FOR A LONG TIME, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT...



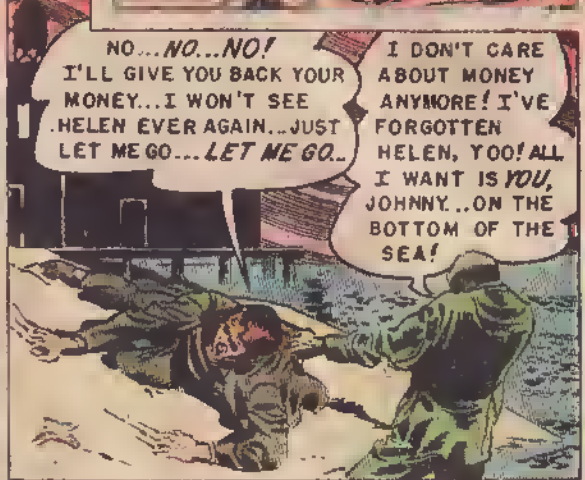
JOHNNY SMITHERS GOES MAD! THE FEEL OF THAT COLD AND SLIMY HAND, SENDS COLO SHUDDERS DOWN HIS SPINE...

HELEN! IF YOU'LL ONLY GRAB MY HAND... I CAN BREAK FREE OF HIM. HELEN! WAKE UP---HELEN!!



NO...NO...NO! I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY... I WON'T SEE HELEN EVER AGAIN... JUST LET ME GO... LET ME GO...

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY ANYMORE! I'VE FORGOTTEN HELEN, TOO! ALL I WANT IS YOU, JOHNNY... ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



JUST THINK, JOHNNY! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE OCEAN FLOOR WITH THE MAN YOU MURDERED!

NO...NO



JOHNNY'S SCREAM GURGLES IN HIS THROAT. HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR...



AND THEN THERE IS JUST EMPTY WATER, ROLLING ENDLESSLY OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE TWO MEN WALK, FOREVER...





THE
UNITED
STATES
OF
AMERICA
FEDERAL
BUREAU
OF
INVESTIGATION
LAW BREAKERS
SUSPENSE STORIES

LAW BREAKERS

SUSPENSE STORIES

№ 15

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PICK
30010

IN THIS ISSUE-- **thrill-packed exciting suspense stories...**

**DEAD-END • GROUNDS FOR MURDER •
BUM STEER • ACID TEST • and others**

IT WAS A BRILLIANT SCHEME... THIS MACABRE SWINDLE DREAMT UP BY TOM AND NANCY SPARROW! AND ON ITS SUCCESS DEPENDED \$100,000 IN LIFE INSURANCE MONEY! ENOUGH REWARD, IN FACT, TO MAKE IT...

GROUNDS FOR MURDER!

THE AIR HOLE'S PLENTY BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BREATHE THROUGH, NANCY!... EVEN AFTER YOU'RE DROPPED SIX FEET INTO THE GROUND! THAT TUNNEL WE'VE DUG IN THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD WILL SUPPLY PLENTY OF OXYGEN!

AND THIS BOX IS NICE AND COMFORTABLE, TOO! IT WON'T BE TOO BAD SNOOZING IN THIS COFFIN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS... WHILE THE INSURANCE COMPANY GETS THE DOUGH READY!



IN DILAPIDATED OLD "SPARROW'S NEST" AN IMPORTANT LETTER ARRIVED AND WAS READ WITH FEVERISH INTEREST...

IT'S FROM ACME INSURANCE, TOM. THEY'VE ACCEPTED YOUR APPLICATION FOR THAT 100 GRAND POLICY ON MY LIFE!

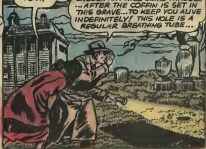
AND I'VE JUST PERFECTED THE SERUM, DARLING! WE'RE ALL SET TO MAKE OUR PITCH FOR THE DOUGH! BUT FIRST LET'S CHECK THE BURIAL GROUNDS AGAIN!



SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE OLD SPARROW HOUSE STOOD THE ANCIENT FAMILY CEMETERY...

Y-YOU'RE SURE IT WILL WORK, TOM?

DIDN'T WE REHEARSE THE WHOLE THING JUST LAST WEEK? ENOUGH AIR WILL COME THROUGH... AFTER THE COFFIN IS SET IN THIS GRAVE... TO KEEP YOU ALIVE INDEFINITELY! THIS HOLE IS A REGULAR BREATHING TUBE...



A WEEK PASSED... A WEEK OF LAST MINUTE PREPARATIONS. AND THEN...

"THIS WON'T HURT AT ALL, NANCY! YOU'LL SLEEP SOUNDLY... FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS!"

"THEN... \$100,000 IS OURS... ENOUGH TO PAY OFF ALL OUR DEBTS, GET RID OF THIS OLD HAUNTED HOUSE... AND START LIVING!"



"THE SERUM'S WORKING PERFECTLY. TEN MINUTES... AND NOT EVEN AN EXPERT WOULD TELL SHE'S NOT DEAD! I'LL CARRY HER UP TO THE BEDROOM AND MAKE THAT PHONE CALL!"



A HALF-HOUR LATER, A CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP OUTSIDE "SPARROW'S NEST" AND AN EXCITED MAN RACED INTO THE ANCESTRAL HOME. A MAN WITH A LITTLE BLACK BAG...

"NO HEART BEAT... NO PULSE! BRACE YOURSELF, MR. SPARROW..."

"Y-YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEAT AROUND THE BUSH WITH ME, DOCTOR. SHE'S DEAD... MY DARLING WIFE IS DEAD!"



"T-THAT'S RIGHT, DOC... SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE BREATHING AT ALL! HURRY, PLEASE... IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!"



"HERE'S THE DEATH CERTIFICATE, MR. SPARROW... ALL MADE OUT AND SIGNED. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...?"

"T-THANKS, DOC. I'LL MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT. THERE'S THE UNDERTAKER TO CALL... AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY. I'LL MANAGE."



"THAT SERUM WORKED PERFECTLY... FOOLED THE DOCTOR COMPLETELY! AND THE DEATH CERTIFICATE... ALL WE NEED TO COLLECT THAT MONEY FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! HEH HEH! NOT A BAD LITTLE SWINDLE!"



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SPARROW FAMILY CEMETERY, A TRAGIC CEREMONY TOOK PLACE...

NANCY'D GET A LAUGH OUT OF THIS, IF SHE COULD WATCH! BUT SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS IN THAT BOX... PROBABLY DREAMING OF OUR SUDDEN WEALTH! I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP, SO I COULD GET BACK TO THE HOUSE AND POUR MYSELF A DRINK...



FRIENDS AND RELATIONS FINALLY TOOK THEIR LEAVE, AND TOM HURRIED BACK TO "SPARROW'S NEST"...

I THOUGHT THOSE JERKS WOULD NEVER LEAVE! I'LL SNEAK BACK TO THE GRAVE YARD TOMORROW NIGHT AND DIG HER UP... AND... W-WHAT'S THAT? M-MUST BE THE DOORBELL...

RINNN-666!



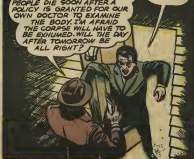
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MR. SPARROW... I'M FROM THE ACADE INSURANCE COMPANY. AS SOON AS I HEARD OF YOUR WIFE'S DEATH, I HURRIED OVER...

I-INSURANCE COMPANY? T-THERE'S... SOMETHING... WRONG?



JUST A ROUTINE CHECK, SIR. IT'S CUSTOMARY IN CASES WHERE INSURED PEOPLE DIE SOON AFTER A POLICY IS GRANTED FOR OUR OWN DOCTOR TO EXAMINE THE BODY. I'M AFRAID THE CORPSE WILL HAVE TO BE EXHUMED. WILL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW BE ALL RIGHT?

Y-YES... SURE....!



DAY AFTER TOMORROW? THE SERUM WILL HAVE WORN OFF BY THAT TIME, AND WHEN THEY OPEN THE COFFIN THEY'LL FIND NANCY ALIVE AND GRINNING! AND A SECOND INJECTION, SOON AFTER THE FIRST, WOULD BE DEADLY!



W-WAIT... THAT'S THE ANSWER/ DEADLY? I CAN ARRANGE THAT TOO! FOR A HUNDRED GRAND IT'S WORTH IT! AND I WON'T HAVE TO SPLIT IT WITH ANYONE! NO MONEY WASTED ON SILLY DRESSES, FURS... IT'LL BE ALL MINE!



I COULD DIG HER UP AND KILL HER, BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY DOCTOR WOULD SEE THE TELL-TALE MARKS... THEN THEY'D NEVER PAY! BUT THIS WAY... WITH A LITTLE SUGAR POURED DOWN THE AIR HOLE... SHE'LL DIE AND THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT NOW!



THAT SUGAR WILL KILL NANCY... JUST AS CERTAINLY AS IF I'D POISONED HER! AND IN SUCH A WAY THAT NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT I HAD A HAND IN HER DEATH! AH... JUST WHAT I NEED!



ANTS WILL DO THE JOB FOR ME! A COUPLE OF ANT-HILLS LIKE THIS... DUMPED DOWN THAT AIR-HOLE... WILL SWARM ALL OVER NANCY, TO GET AT THE SUGAR IN THE COFFIN!



DOWN YOU GO, YOU HUNGRY LITTLE MONSTERS! I MUST'VE DUMPED HUNDREDS DOWN THERE ALREADY! THEY'LL MAKE A SPLENDID MEAL OF NANCY, AFTER THEY FINISH THE SUGAR... MANGLE HER SO HORRIBLY THAT ONE LOOK SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR THAT SNOOPY DOCTOR! HEH HEH!



AND THAT COFFIN IS SO SMALL THAT SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT BACK... DEFEND HERSELF FROM THIS SWARM OF HIDEOUS KILLERS! THERE WON'T BE MUCH LEFT BY THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW...



TOM SHARROW HURRIED AWAY FROM THE CEMETERY, TO GLOAT OVER HIS TRIUMPH. ALL THE NEXT DAY HE DRANK TO HIS VICTORY...

198 NIGHT... HIC... TIME FOR ME TO GO BACK AND MAKE SURE NANCY'SH GOOD AND DEAD! THEN, TOMORROW, THAT DOCTOR CAN DO ALL THE EXAMINING HE WANTS... HEE HEE!



WEAVING DRUNKENLY TO THE GRAVE IN WHICH HIS WIFE HAD BEEN BURIED JUST THE DAY BEFORE, TOM BEGAN HIS GRISLY WORK...

I'LL TAKE A PEEK, JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE! THEN I'LL CLOSE THE COFFIN AGAIN... HIC... AND BE READY TOMORROW FOR THE EXHUMING! THAT INSURANCE COMPANY IS SMART... HIC... BUT NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH!



THERE IT IS, NICE AND SHINY! A LOT OF WORK... HIC... BUT WORTH \$100,000! NOW TO OPEN THE COFFIN...



THE GRAVE... HIC... ISN FULL OF ANTS! THAT SUGAR ATTRACTED THEM BY THE THOUSANDS! THE GROUND'S FULL OF THEM... GOOD GROUND'S FOR THIS KIND OF MURDER! HEE HEE HEE!



T-THERE... IT'SH OPEN! NANCY IS UGHNNH! G-GOOD LORD... THOSE ANTS'N HAVE PICKED HER CLEAN! THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF THEM SWARMING AROUND! G-GOT TO CLOSE IT UP...



HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SAW, TOM SPARROW STEPPED BACK. HIS FOOT STRUCK THE SHOVEL AND, IN HIS DRUNKEN STUPOR, HE LOST HIS BALANCE...

G-GOTTA GET AWAY FROM... OOOOPS! I-I'M FALLING... DOWN THERE!



INTO HIS WIFE'S GRAVE TOM SPARROW FELL. WITH A SICKENING CRASH HIS HEAD STRUCK AN EDGE OF THE COFFIN...

T-THE ANTSH...THEY... ARGHNNH!



FIVE MINUTES PASSED... TEN MINUTES... BEFORE TOM SPARROW'S EYES OPENED AND HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS. AT FIRST, ALL HE WAS AWARE OF WAS A TERRIBLE PAIN...!

MY BACK... FEELS AS IF I HURT MY SPINE! I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE!...



I-I'M PARALYZED! CAN'T MOVE ANYTHING... TRAPPED HERE!



AGAIN AND AGAIN TOM SPARROW SCREAMED FOR HELP, BUT THE SOUND WAS LOST IN THE TREES OF THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD. THEN BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, A HORRIBLE PROCESSION BEGAN...

T-THEY'RE COMING FOR ME! T-THE ANTS... AND I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF!



N-NO... NO! T-THEY'RE CLOGGING MY NOSE... MY EYES... BUTCHERING ME!



THE MOMENTS TICKED AWAY... AND WITH THEM TOM SPARROW'S LIFE EBBED. WHEN THE ANTS FINALLY RETREATED, THEY LEFT BEHIND A GROTESQUE SIGHT...



AT THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE SPARROWS, THE TELEPHONE RANG AND RANG. AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

FURRY... I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MR. SPARROW! HE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO OPEN HIS WIFE'S GRAVE AFTER ALL! HIS DOCTOR'S SIGNATURE ON THAT DEATH CERTIFICATE WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR US TO PAY HIM THE INSURANCE MONEY!



ACME INSURANCE COMPANY.

TERROR THAT STALKS BY NIGHT!

THE UNSEEN

ANC
10¢

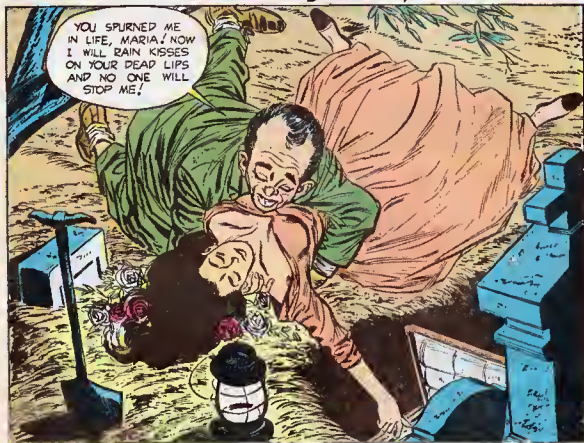
No. 15

BEWARE THE
**CURSE
OF THE
UNDEAD!**



DATE WITH A CORPSE

Dino Monta was the village grave-digger, ugly, greedy, and utterly repulsive-- hardly a man beautiful Maria Valard would choose for a rendezvous. But unfortunately, Maria had little choice or control over her date. A dead girl must go out with whomever digs her up!!



EVERYBODY IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF CARDANO, SICILY, KNEW HOW DINO MONTA FELT ABOUT MARIA VALARD... AND HOW SHE FELT ABOUT HIM...

THAT AND EVERYTHING ELSE I DISLIKE ABOUT YOU! NOW LET ME GO!!

NO! I LOVE YOU! I WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT! I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

SENOR MONTA... PLEASE STOP FOLLOWING ME AROUND! I WILL NOT SEE YOU! I WILL NOT GO OUT WITH YOU!

WHY? BECAUSE I AM UGLY! BECAUSE I'M A GRAVEDIGGER?



SORRY YOU'LL HAVE TO DINO!
YOU MUST STOP ANNOYING
MY SISTER! SHE WANTS
NOTHING TO DO WITH
YOU!

THANK HEAVEN
YOU'RE HERE.
PIETRO! MAKE HIM
STOP TRAILING ME!
HE MAKES MY
SKIN CRAWL!

UNDERSTAND THIS, DINO!
MY SISTER WILL NOT
MARRY YOU! SHE WILL
NOT SEE YOU! ANNOY
HER AGAIN AND I'LL
CALL THE CARABINIERI!

CURSE YOU, PIETRO VALAR-
DI! MAY A THOUSAND
PLAGUES FALL UPON
THE HOUSE OF VALARDI
FOR SPURNING MY
LOVE FOR MARIA!

AS FOR YOU, MARIA, WHO
REFUSES MY KISSES... SOME
DAY I WILL KISS YOU
AND YOU WILL NOT BE
ABLE TO
STOP ME!

(GASP!) WHAT
DOES HE
MEAN, PIETRO?

NOTHING! DINO'S
CRAZY WITH
JEALOUSY AND
DISAPPOINTMENT!
HIS THREATS
ARE IDLE!

IDLE, ARE
THEY? THESE
INSULTS AND
HUMILIATION
CAN ONLY
BE WIPED OUT
BY BLOOD!

I'LL HAVE REVENGE! AM I
A BUG TO BE CRUSHED?
A HIDEOUS WORM TO
BE SPAT UPON?

I AM A MAN WITH FEELINGS LIKE A MAN!
YES... AND THE BITTER HATRED OF A MAN
WHOSE HOPES AND DESIRES ARE
CRUSHED INTO
THE GROUND!

THEY SHALL SUFFER FOR THIS... WITH THEIR
LIVES! ALL OF THEM... MARIA, PIETRO... EVEN
HER FATHER WHO LAUGHED IN MY FACE WHEN
I FIRST CAME TO COURT MARIA! NONE SHALL
LIVE TO MOCK
DINO MONTA!

FROM THAT NIGHT ON, DINO HAD ONE OBSESSION... TO DESTROY THE VALARDIS! HE HAD AN AMAZING KNOWLEDGE OF POISONS...

THERE ARE SOME VENOMS THAT DON'T ACT AT ONCE... DEADLY AS STRYCHNINE...



NOR DO THEY LEAVE TELLTALE RESIDUES IN THE BODY! THEY WILL APPEAR TO HAVE DIED FROM NATURAL CAUSES! NO ONE WILL KNOW THEY WERE MURDERED!



WEEK LATER, THE VALARDIS WERE AWAY...

HERE'S ONE THING THESE PEASANTS DRINK EVERY DAY-- WINE. RED, SWEET WINE, SWEET AS MY REVENGE.



FEW WEEKS LATER AT THE VALARDI COTTAGE...

BUT WHAT IS IT DOCTOR? IS THERE A SICKNESS NO MEDICINE CAN CURE?

IT'S A DISEASE I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED OR TREATED. I AM BAFFLED.



WEEK LATER...

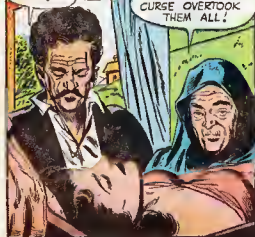
WHAT A TRAGEDY! NOT A SIGN OF SICKNESS-- THEN THEY ARE ALL GONE!

IT IS SHOCKING! SUCH GOOD PEOPLE! SUCH NEIGHBORS! THEY NEVER HURT ANYBODY!



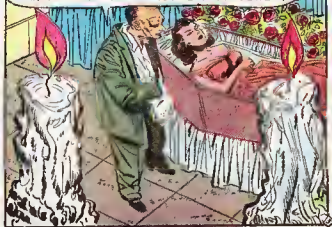
MARIA SLEEPS LIKE AN ANGEL! BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH AS IN LIFE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE GONE! IT'S AS IF SOME PLAGUE... SOME CURSE OVERTOOK THEM ALL!



THAT AFTERNOON AT THE CHURCH...

MARIA-- IS THIS BETTER THAN ACCEPTING MY EMBRACES? FOOLISH GIRL, IS DEATH SWEETER THAN MY KISSES? NOW YOU'RE IN MY POWER!



WE'VE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF EACH OTHER! TONIGHT, WHEN ALL THE TOWN'S ASLEEP, WE'LL HAVE A RENDEZVOUS *WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT!*



TONIGHT.

HMM...EVERYTHING IS READY! THE FIRE IS HIGH, THE TABLE IS SET! ALL THAT'S MISSING IS THE GUEST OF HONOR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT NOW!



I'LL KEEP MY VOW, MARIA, TO EMBRACE YOU... AND NOT BE REPULSED!



HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE MARIA, YOU'RE LOVELIER IN DEATH THAN MOST WOMEN ARE IN LIFE! COME, MY SWEET!



I'VE PREPARED A DELICIOUS MEAL, BUT YOU MUST HAVE LITTLE APPETITE!



YES MY DEAR YOU COULD HAVE ENJOYED ALL THIS... *ALIVE!* BUT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE IT OTHERWISE!



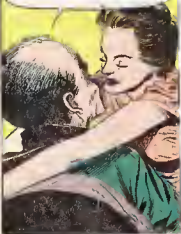
TO THE WOMEN WHO REFUSED ME IN LIFE -- NOW MINE ... IN *DEATH!*



NOW THAT KISS YOU SAID I'D NEVER GET! I MUST FOLD YOUR ARMS AROUND MY NECK... YOU ARE UNDERSTANDABLY UNCOOPERATIVE!



THERE! YOUR ARMS ARE TIGHT
YOUR BODY IS HARD YOUR
LIPS ARE COLD! BUT YOU
CANNOT REPEL ME NOW!



GASP! HER ARM TIGHTENED
AROUND MY NECK! BUT
HOW CAN IT BE? MUST
BE MY IMAGINATION!



GASP! I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
THIS RESPONSE! I--I CAN
HARDLY BREATHE! I MUST
REMOVE HER ARMS!



NEVER, DINO! NOW THAT MY
ARMS ARE AROUND YOUR
NECK, I'LL NEVER LET
YOU GO!



GASP! SHE
SPEAKS!
NO!
NO!!



TAKE THE KISS...
YOU'LL NEVER
FORGET... OR
REMEMBER!

EEEEEEEE!!!



THE NEXT MORNING AT
DINO MONTA'S COTTAGE.

MONTA, IN HIS PASSION
DUG HER UP! BUT HOW
COULD SHE STRANGLE
HIM, DOCTOR?



RIGOR MORTIS! THE MUSCLES
CONTRACT MANY HOURS
AFTER DEATH! WHEN HE PUT
HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK,
THE MUSCLES WENT INTO
OPERATION! AT LEAST I HOPE
SO! I SHUDDER TO THINK
THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER
EXPLANATION!

THE DEAD GIRL SMILED. THE ANSWER
WAS HER SECRET...AND DINOS!



THE END

DELL
12c

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SEPT.—NOV.

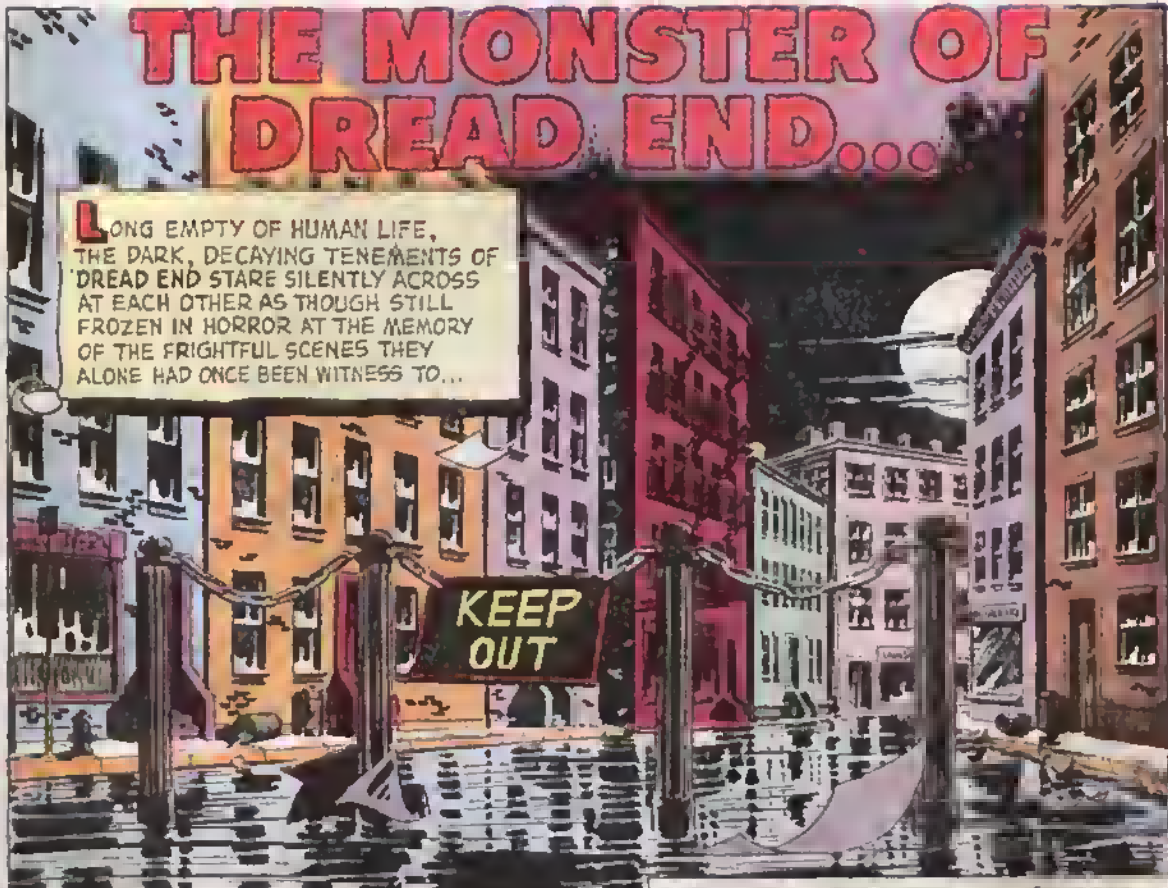
GHOST STORIES

STORIES TO
SHOCK YOU!
GHOSTLY TALES
OF SUSPENSE
AND TERROR!

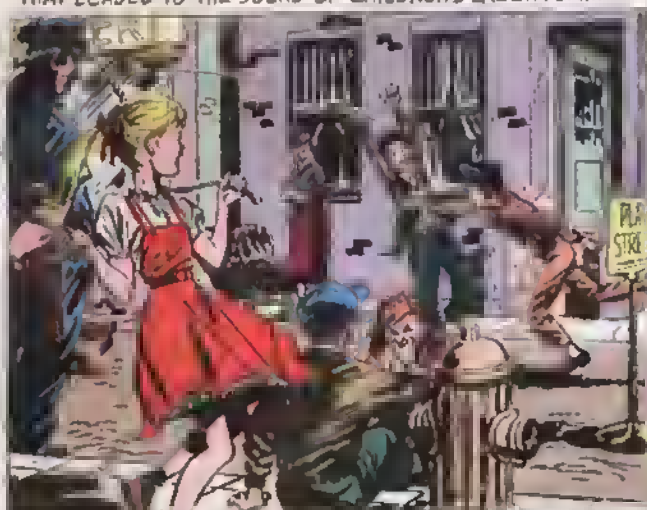


THE MONSTER OF DREAD END...

LONG EMPTY OF HUMAN LIFE, THE DARK, DECAYING TENEMENTS OF DREAD END STARE SILENTLY ACROSS AT EACH OTHER AS THOUGH STILL FROZEN IN HORROR AT THE MEMORY OF THE FRIGHTFUL SCENES THEY ALONE HAD ONCE BEEN WITNESS TO...



TIME WAS... WHEN DREAD END, THEN KNOWN AS HAWTHORN PLACE, WAS A BUSY, NOISY, HAPPY STREET THAT ECHOED TO THE SOUND OF CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER...



...THEN EARLY ONE MORNING THE FIRST... ONE... WAS FOUND...



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...IT WAS A BALLED-UP THING...LIKE AN EMPTY WRAPPER THROWN CARELESSLY ASIDE... BUT SOMEHOW STILL RECOGNIZABLE AS HAVING ONCE BEEN HUMAN...

HOW D'YA WRITE THIS ONE UP, M'LAD?

ALL RIGHT, BACK EVERYBODY! BACK!

HEY! MY KID SISTER IS MISSING! HER BED IS EMPTY-!



FOR DAYS THE POLICE ASKED QUESTIONS...BUT NO ONE HAD SEEN OR HEARD ANYTHING...

A FEW WEEKS PASSED...THEN EARLY ONE MORNING...

GET UP, SONNY! YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL-OH!



OUTSIDE ON THE STREET ANOTHER BALLED-UP THING WAS FOUND...

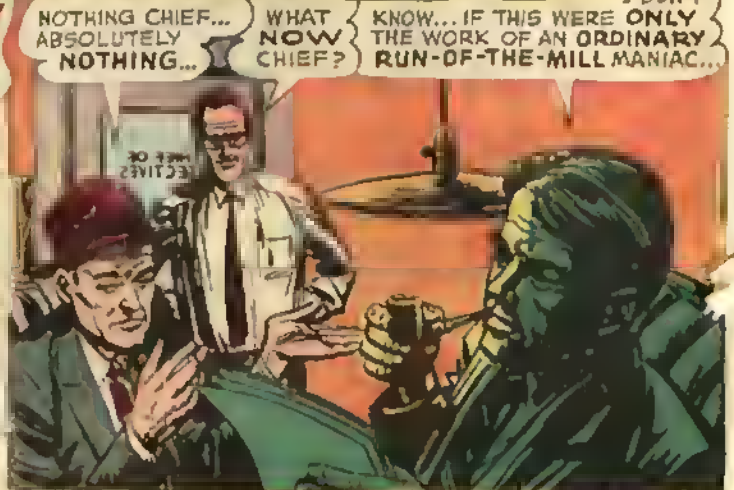
INCH BY INCH THE BEST BRAINS OF THE BEST POLICE DEPARTMENT IN THE WORLD COMBED THE AREA ...

POLICE!

NOTHING CHIEF... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING...

WHAT NOW CHIEF?

I DON'T KNOW... IF THIS WERE ONLY THE WORK OF AN ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL MANIAC...



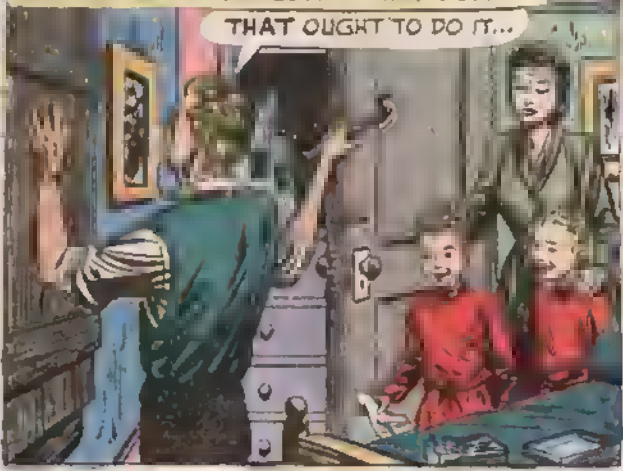


WHEN, A WEEK LATER, IT HAPPENED AGAIN, THE PANIC-STRICKEN INHABITANTS OF HAWTHORN PLACE BEGAN TO FLEE, SOME EVEN LEAVING THEIR FURNITURE BEHIND...

I DON'T CARE IF WE HAVE NOWHERE TO GO--AS LONG AS WE GET AWAY FROM HERE...

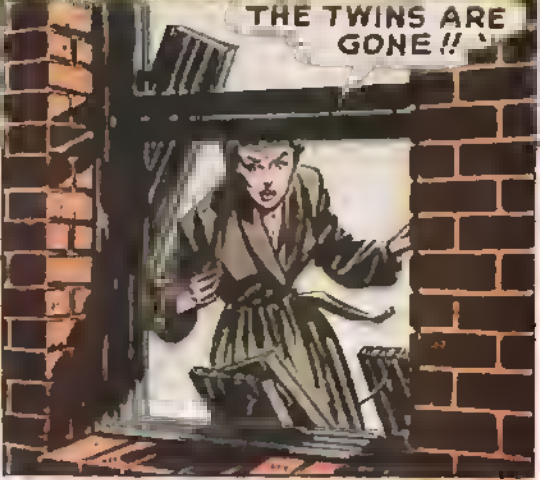
HURRY!

THE FEW WHO REMAINED, BOARDED UP THEIR WINDOWS AND DOUBLE LOCKED THEIR DOORS...



THAT OUGHT TO DO IT...

BUT AGAIN THE TERROR STRUCK!



THE TWINS ARE GONE!!

COMPLETELY BAFLED, THE AUTHORITIES COULD ONLY EVACUATE THE REMAINING TENANTS, AND DECLARE THE STREET OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL...



AS THE YEARS WENT BY, FEARFUL RESIDENTS OF NEIGHBORING BLOCKS GRADUALLY MOVED AWAY, UNTIL FINALLY, DREAD END WAS SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY OTHER SILENT, EMPTY BLOCKS...



AFTER DARK, NO ONE EVER DARED VENTURE INTO EVEN THE OUTER FRINGES OF THIS NO-MAN'S-LAND, LET ALONE THE VERY CENTER OF IT... UNTIL... TONIGHT...



THOUGH ONLY SEVEN WHEN HIS LITTLE SISTER BECAME THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE DREAD END MONSTER, JIMMY WHITE RESOLVED THAT IF THE POLICE DIDN'T FIND HER KILLER, SOME DAY HE WOULD...



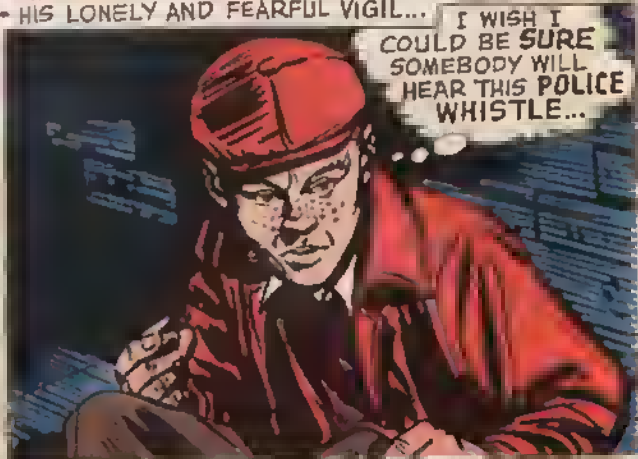
AS JIMMY GREW OLDER, HE BECAME MORE AND MORE OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA THAT THE KILLER STILL LURKED SOMEWHERE ON THAT SINISTER BLOCK...



NOW, AT THE AGE OF 15, JIMMY FEELS HE IS OLD ENOUGH TO FERRET THE MONSTER OUT...



CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS OF AN ALLEY NEXT TO THE HOUSE HE HAD ONCE LIVED IN, JIMMY BEGINS HIS LONELY AND FEARFUL VIGIL...



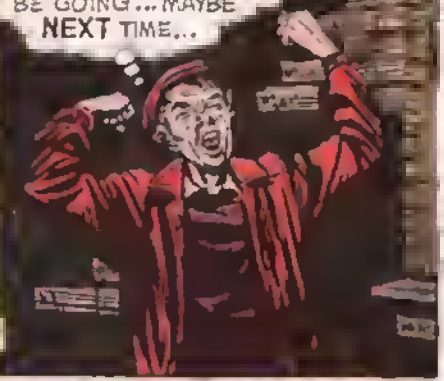
I WISH I COULD BE SURE SOMEBODY WILL HEAR THIS POLICE WHISTLE...

THE HOURS DRAG BY, BUT NO SOUND DISTURBS THE UNEARTHLY QUIET OF THE DEAD, DESERTED STREET...



WHEN A FAR-AWAY CHURCH BELL TOLLS THE HOUR OF FIVE, JIMMY STANDS UP TO STRETCH...

DAWN IN A LITTLE WHILE... I'D BETTER BE GOING... MAYBE NEXT TIME...



JIMMY STOPS IN MIDSTRETCH...



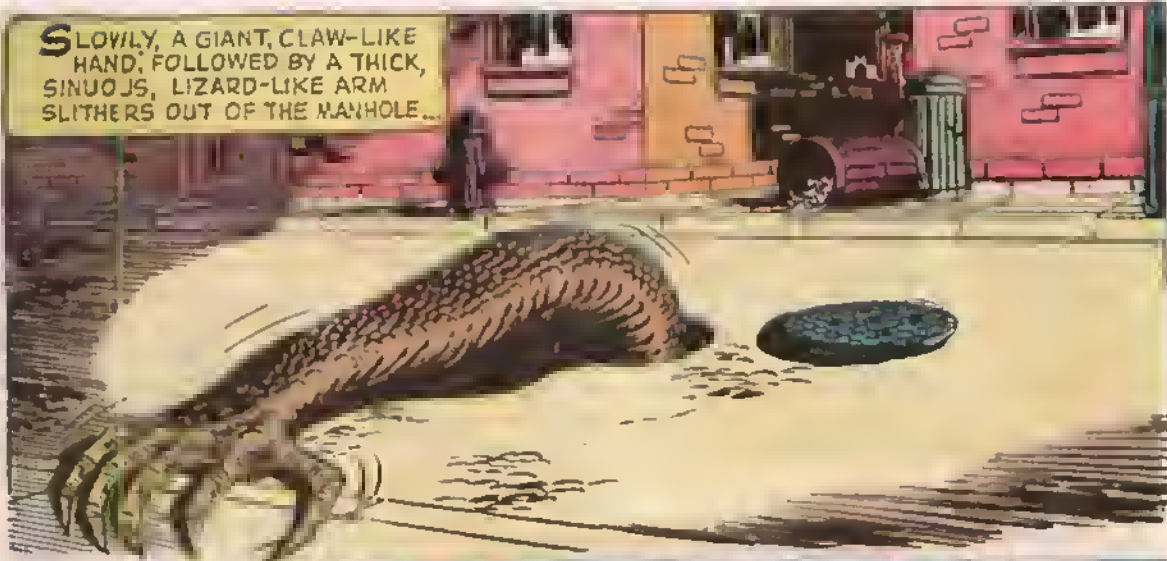
...THEN QUICKLY CROUCHES BACK INTO THE SHADOWS...



HIS WHISTLE FORGOTTEN, JIMMY STARES, UNABLE TO BELIEVE HIS EYES!!!



SLOWLY, A GIANT, CLAW-LIKE HAND, FOLLOWED BY A THICK, SINOUS, LIZARD-LIKE ARM SLITHERS OUT OF THE MANHOLE...



SLOWLY... LIKE A SLIND BOA CONSTRICTOR SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING, THE HAND GROPE'S ITS WAY ACROSS THE STREET... AND UP THE SIDE OF A WALL... GROPING... GROPING... SEARCHING... SEARCHING...



SUDDENLY THE BOY'S WHISTLE SLIPS FROM HIS TREMBLING FINGERS AND STRIKES THE GROUND... QUICK AS A WINK THE SNAKE-LIKE ARM SNAPS BACK INTO THE MANHOLE...



IT'S GONE!
NOW'S MY
CHANCE
TO RUN...



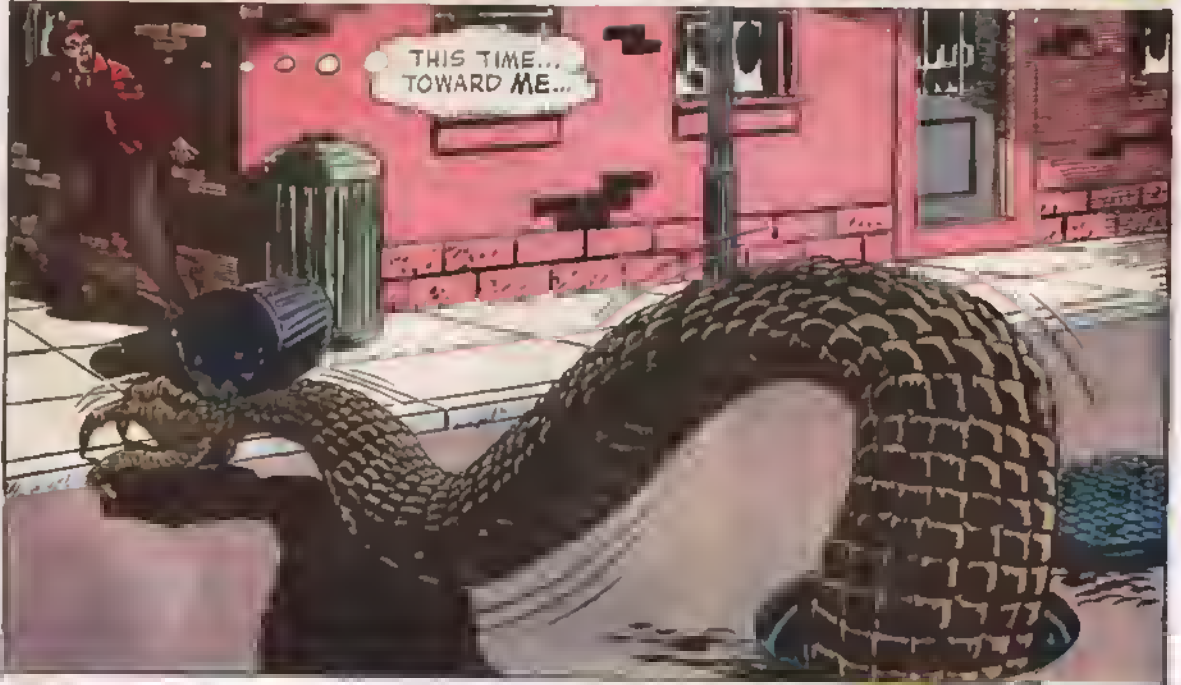
BUT... IT MOVES
SO FAST... IT COULD
SHOOT OUT AND GRAB
ME BEFORE I
COULD...



TOO LATE... IT'S
COMING... OUT
AGAIN...



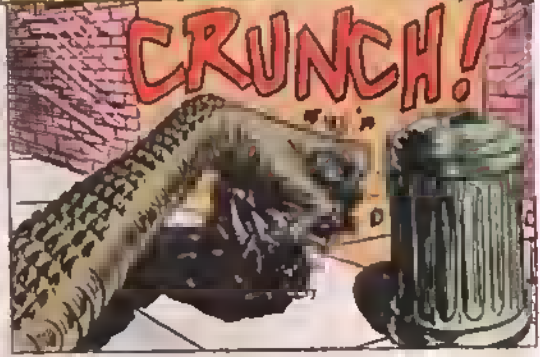
THIS TIME...
TOWARD ME...



SLOWLY THE HAND GROPE TOWARD THE PETRIFIED BOY...IT STOPS...TO EXPLORE A GARBAGE CAN...



FINDING NOTHING, IT CRUSHES THE CAN AS THOUGH IT WERE TISSUE...



THEN, TO JIMMY'S RELIEF, IT TURNS AND GROPE ITS WAY OUT OF SIGHT...



JIMMY WATCHES THE REPULSIVE ARM CONTINUE TO FLOW OUT OF THE MANHOLE... IT SEEMS ENDLESS... BUT THE MORE THAT COMES OUT, THE FARTHER AWAY THE HAND IS GETTING...



THEN A SIXTH SENSE WARNS JIMMY--

BUT TOO LATE--THE MONSTER HAS FOUND HIM

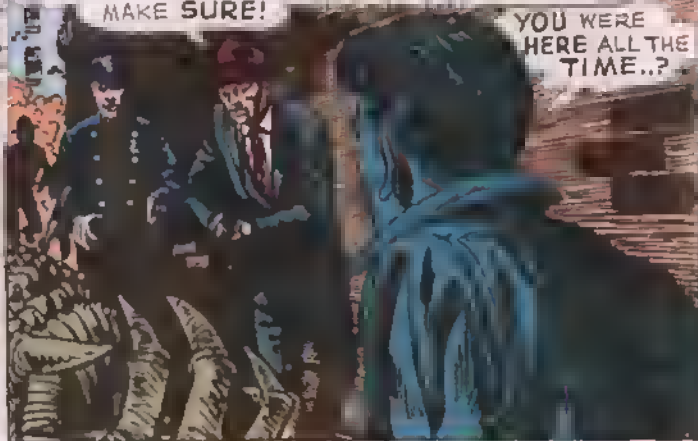


THEN SILENCE AGAIN... JIMMY OPENS HIS EYES... AND STARES DOWN AT THE GREAT LIMP CLAW...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY?

SORRY WE HAD TO LET IT GO SO FAR, BUT WE WANTED AS MUCH OF IT OUT IN THE OPEN AS POSSIBLE, TO MAKE SURE!

YOU WERE HERE ALL THE TIME...?



WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS, SON!

AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YEARS LONGER IF YOU HADN'T SHOWN UP!

LOOK.. THOSE LARGE PORE-LIKE OPENINGS IN THE PALM... IT'S FED BY ABSORPTION... AFTER CRUSHING IT'S VICTIM...



DID YOU KNOW-- IT WAS THERE, TOO?

YES... WE'D SEEN IT A FEW TIMES, BUT IT NEVER CAME OUT FAR ENOUGH... ITS' SENSE OF DANGER WAS SO ACUTE AND ITS' SPEED SO LIGHTNING-LIKE WE DIDN'T WANT TO RISK ONLY WOUNDING IT, AND LETTING IT GET AWAY...



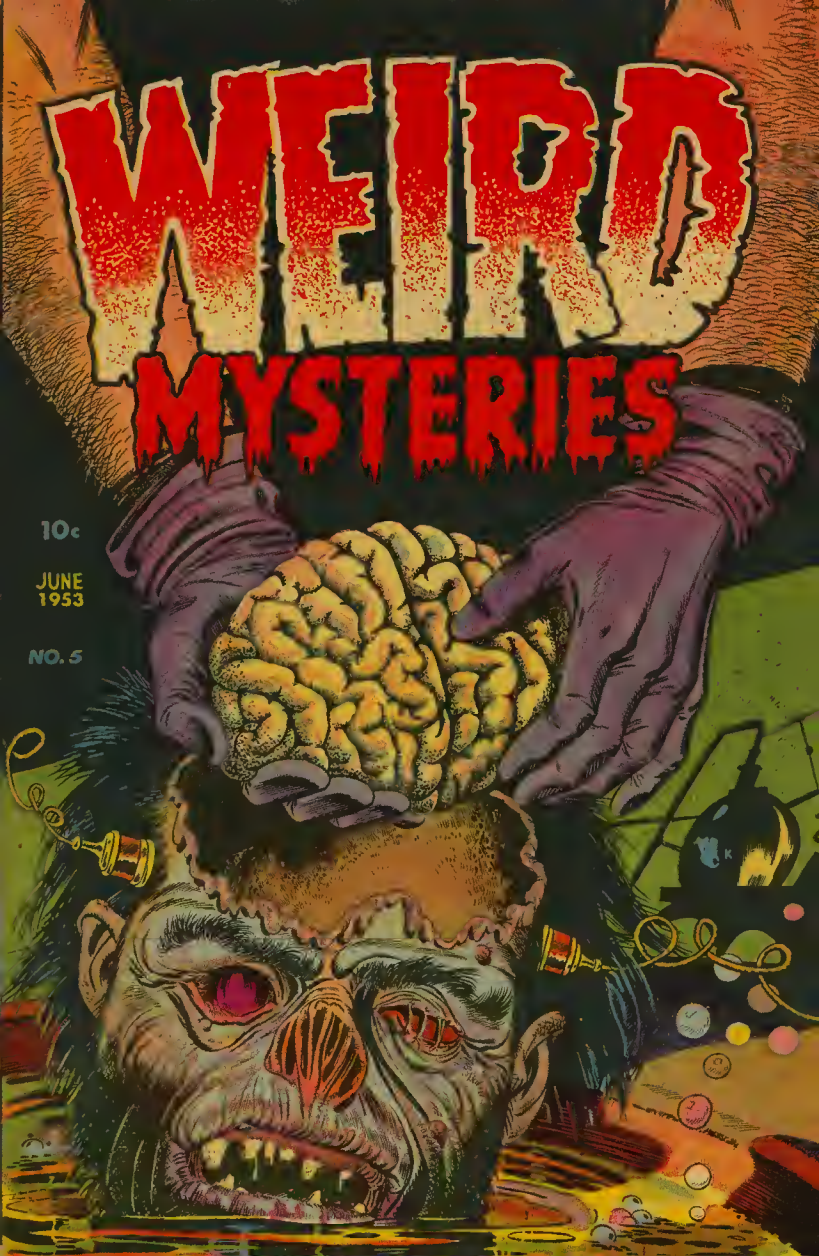
THE END

WEIRD MYSTERIES

10c

JUNE
1953

NO. 5



SWAMP MONSTER

KILLER CABOT FLEES FROM
THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE ---
ONLY TO RUN INTO SOMETHING
MORE TERRIBLE DEEP IN THE
MALIGNANT SWAMP!



BASIL
WOLVERTON

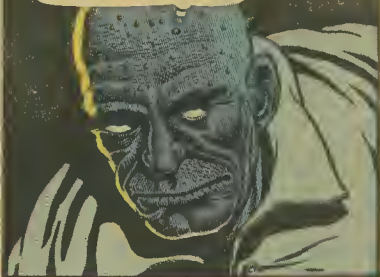
YOU'VE MANAGED TO BREAK JAIL ONLY HOURS
BEFORE YOU'RE TO HANG FOR MURDER, JACK
CABOT! YOU'VE PLAYED IT SMART---YOU THINK....

YOU JOG STEADILY INTO THE DISMAL MARSH,
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIDDEN PATHS YOU KNOW
SO WELL.....

I KNOW THIS PART OF THE SWAMP
LIKE A BOOK! EVEN WITH THOSE
BLOODHOUNDS, THEY'LL HAVE A
TOUGH TIME FINDING ME NOW!



HA! THE MUTTS MUST HAVE LOST THE SCENT!
I CAN HARDLY HEAR THEM!



YOU STRUGGLE ON AND ON-- EVEN LONG AFTER YOU'RE CERTAIN THAT YOU'VE GIVEN THE POSSE THE SLIP, SUDDENLY YOU COME INTO A CLEARING!...

HERE IS A BREAK, YOU THINK -- A PLACE TO HOLE UP FOR A FEW HOURS! BUT AS YOU APPROACH THE DOOR, IT SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN!..

AN OLD HOUSE! I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS ONE HERE! I MUST HAVE COME FARTHER THAN I FIGURED!



IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT I HAVE A CALLER! THEREFORE YOU ARE DOUBLY WELCOME, MR. CABOT!



SO YOU KNOW ME! WELL, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A BOARDER, MISTER! GET ME SOME GRUB, AND IF ANYONE COMES SNOOPING AROUND, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ME!

NO NEED FOR THREATS, MR. CABOT! I'M VERY AGREEABLE! IN FACT, I'D BE WILLING TO ALTER YOUR APPEARANCE--- SO THAT YOU'D NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING RECOGNIZED!



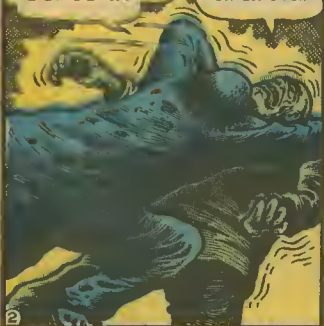
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU A PLASTIC SURGEON?

NO, BUT I CAN DO A MUCH BETTER JOB THAN A PLASTIC SURGEON!



AND HERE'S HOW I'LL DO IT!

UH-UH-UH-UH...



YOUR ATTACKER IS FIERCELY OVERPOWERING! YOU BLANK OUT. WHEN YOU COME TO, YOU'RE ON THE FLOOR. TERRIBLE PAINS KNIFE THRU YOUR BODY!



SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING TO YOU, BUT YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT IT IS!..

HELP! I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING TORN APART!



THE PAINS SUBSIDE. YOU STARE IN UNBELIEF AT WHAT USED TO BE NORMAL HANDS!...



MY FACE!-- MY BODY!
I'M LIKE AN ANIMAL!



WH--WHAT
DID YOU
DO TO ME?

I SIMPLY INNOCULATED
YOUR BODY WITH
THE CAPACITY TO
CONFORM TO THE LEVEL
OF YOUR MIND ---AND
YOU HAVE THE MIND OF
A FIEND!



HATRED WELLS UP WITHIN YOU! IT SEEMS TO REFRESH AND STRENGTHEN YOU! YOU CRAVE TO USE THAT STRENGTH TO KILL !...



YOUR WEAPON HISSES DIRECTLY TOWARD ITS MARK ---BUT SEEMS TO PASS RIGHT THRU IT!



THE NEBULOUS BODY DRIFTS UPWARD -- THEN CONDENSES INTO A WINGED CREATURE!



AS THE BAT FLUTTERS TOWARD THE WINDOW, THERE IS A BANGING ON THE DOOR!...



YOU YANK THE DOOR OPEN. THERE STANDS THE SHERIFF WITH ONE OF HIS MEN! YOU GRIN TO YOURSELF AT THEIR ALARM AT SIGHT OF YOU....



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ER-- WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR AN ESCAPED CONVICT -- A KILLER! YOU SEEN ANY STRANGER WITHIN THE LAST HALF HOUR?



COPPERS, EH? I DON'T LIKE COPS! GET OUT!

NOW TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH THE LAW!

FILLED WITH HATRED FOR YOUR PURSUERS, YOU IMPULSIVELY SNATCH UP THE RIFLES...



I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF THE LAW!

ZIP!

...AND AMAZE EVEN YOURSELF AT YOUR DEMONIC DISPLAY OF STRENGTH!



WITHOUT THESE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO CHASE DOWN ANYBODY!

CRACK!

NOW GET ON BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM, OR I'LL BREAK YOUR BACKS LIKE I BROKE YOUR RIFLES!



THEY TRIED TO TRICK ME BY HOLDING BACK THE BLOODHOUNDS AT THE START OF THE CHASE, SO THAT I'D THINK I WAS SAFE! THEN THOSE TWO MUST HAVE TAILED ME CLOSE! NOW I'M GOING TO GO AFTER THEM!



YOU WAIT UNTIL THE FRIGHTENED MEN ARE OUT OF SIGHT. THEN YOU TAKE TO THE TREES, AND WITH THE AGILITY OF THE DEMON YOU HAVE BECOME, YOU RACE AFTER THEM!...



HE - HE WAS A MONSTER -- A DEVIL! I NEVER SAW ANY ONE SO UGLY!

DON'T WASTE YOUR WIND TALKIN, BEN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST AND GET SOME HELP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER YOU'VE SKIRTED AHEAD OF YOUR INTENDED PREY! NOW, SILENT AS A GHOST, YOU LIE IN WAIT FOR THEM TO COME DOWN THE TRAIL BENEATH YOU....

YOU LEAP!...

THE MEN HEAR YOU CRASHING THRU THE BRANCHES....



HERE THEY COME! AND HERE'S WHERE THEY GET IT -- GOOD!



LOOK OUT!



YOU ARE ALMOST UPON THEM WHEN A LOOP OF VINE CATCHES AROUND YOUR THROAT!...

THE FORCE OF THE FALL BREAKS YOUR NECK! WITHIN SECONDS YOU ARE SWINGING LIFELESSLY!





IT-- IT'S HIM!
HE TRIED TO
JUMP US, AND
THE VINE
HANGED HIM!

BUT HOW DID HE GET
AHEAD OF US?

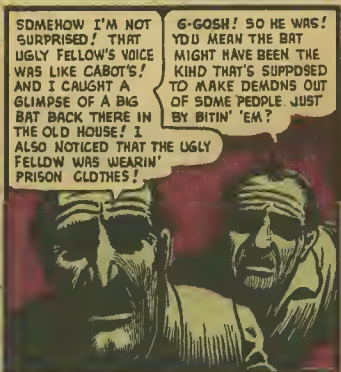


LOOK, SHERIFF! HIS FACE!
IT'S SORT OF MELTIN' INTO
ANOTHER FACE!

BEFORE THEIR BULGING EYES YOUR DYING BODY CHANGES
BACK INTO YOUR FORMER SELF !...



IT'S JACK CABOT--- THE FELLA WE
CHASED INTO THE SWAMP!



SOMEHOW I'M NOT
SURPRISED! THAT
UGLY FELLOW'S VOICE
WAS LIKE CABOT'S!
AND I CAUGHT A
GLIMPSE OF A BIG
BAT BACK THERE IN
THE OLD HOUSE! I
ALSO NOTICED THAT THE UGLY
FELLOW WAS WEARIN'
PRISON CLOTHES!

G-GOSH! SO HE WAS!
YOU MEAN THE BAT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE
KIND THAT'S SUPPOSED
TO MAKE DEMONS OUT
OF SOME PEEPLE. JUST
BY BITIN' 'EM?



COULD BE! CUT HIM
DOWN, AND LET'S GET
HIM OUT OF HERE! HE
HANGED HIMSELF, BUT
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM
BACK TO THE PRISON!

HEY! THERE'S A BIG
BAT COMIN' RIGHT
AT US!

THE MEN FLEE, BUT YOU, JACK CABOT, AREN'T ALIVE
TO ENJOY THEIR DEMONSTRATION OF FEAR -- NOR TO
SHUDDER AT DIABOLICAL, SQUEAKY LAUGHTER THAT
COMES FROM THE GIANT BAT THAT HOVERS
TRIUMPHANTLY AND HUNGRILY AROUND YOU!



THE END

H
O
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TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!

311 1952

No. 17



10c

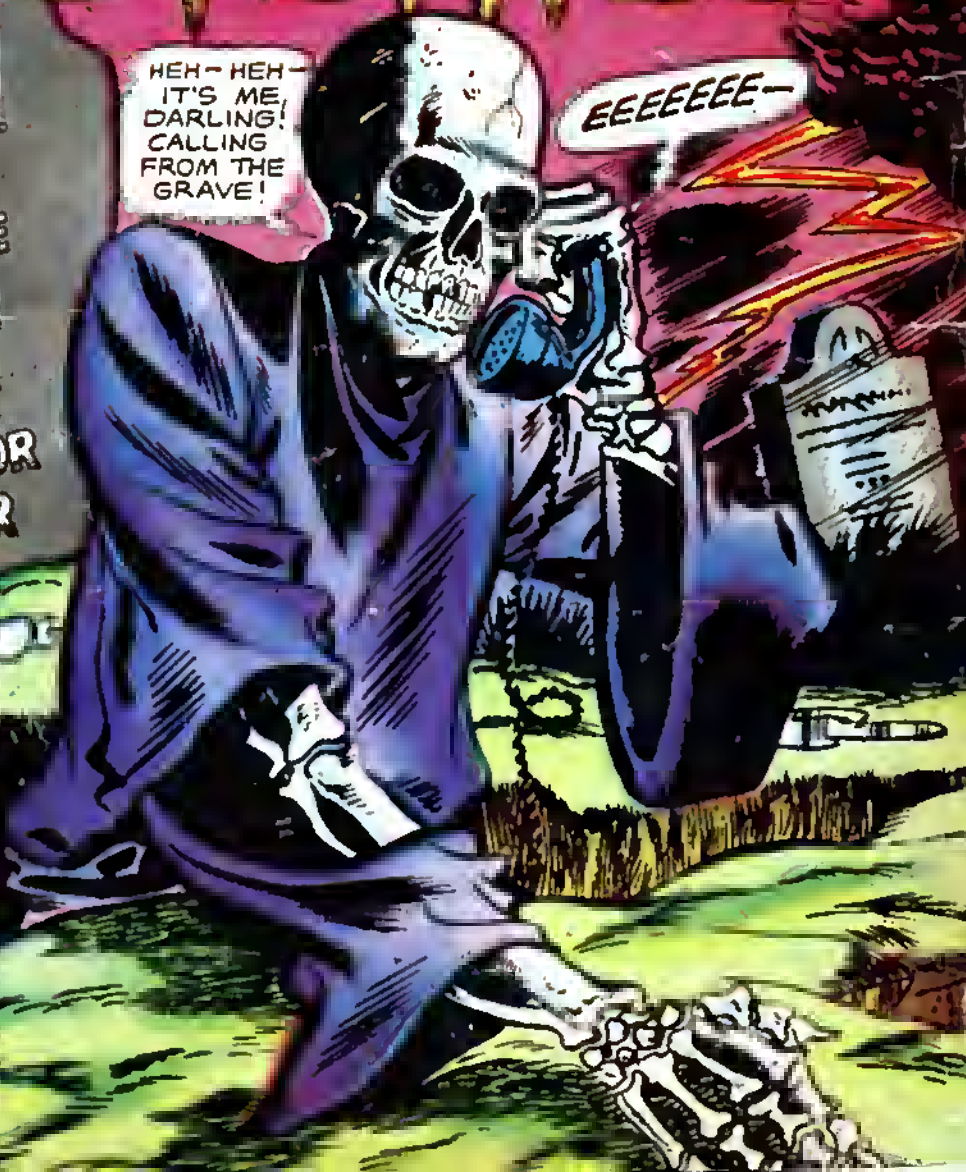
STRANGE

MYSTERIES

IF THE
COFFIN FITS...
—
DIAL 'C'
FOR CORPSE
—
DATE WITH
THE DEVIL
—
RECIPE FOR
HORROR

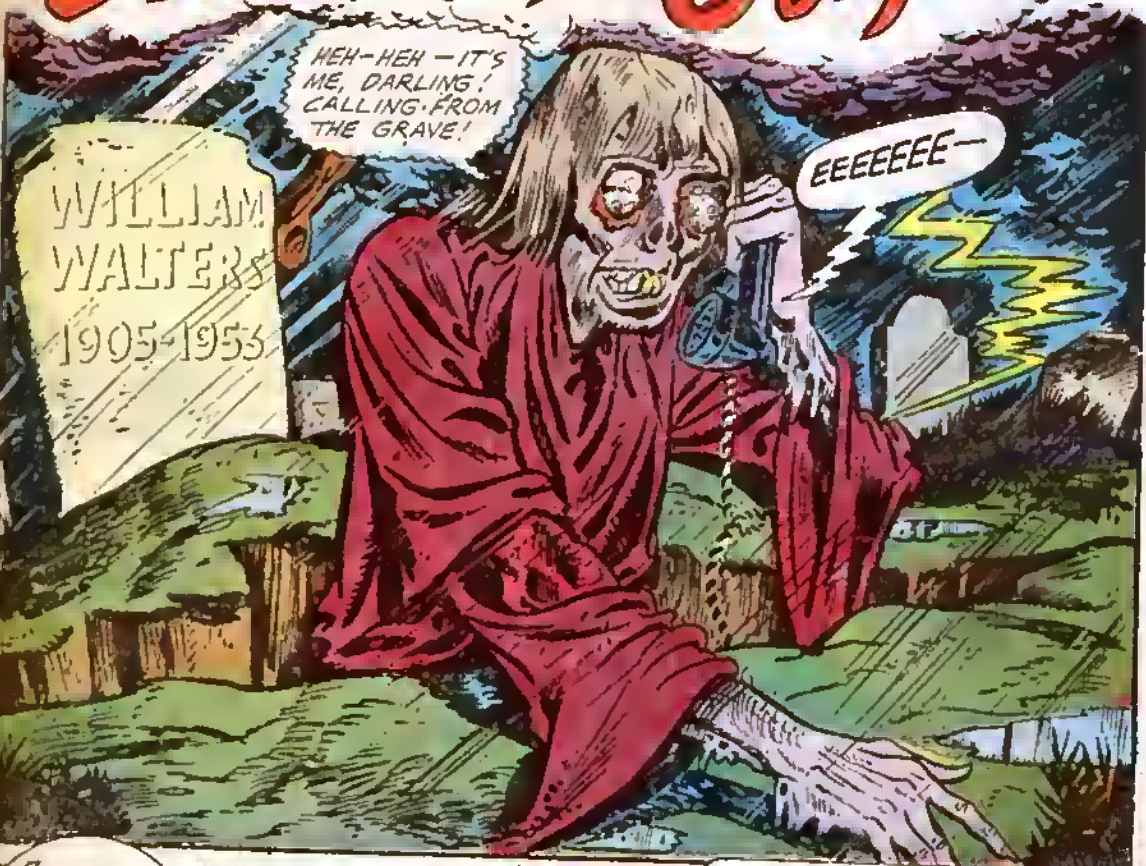
HEH-HEH-
IT'S ME,
DARLING!
CALLING
FROM THE
GRAVE!

EEEEEEE—



REMEMBER HOW THE SHRILL VOICE OF THE TELEPHONE CAN SOMETIMES STARTLE YOU, SET YOUR HEART TO LEAPING MADLY? THEN YOU'LL KNOW HOW ALICE WALTERS FELT THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT WHEN SHE RECEIVED THE GHOULISH CALL FROM THE GRAVE...

DIAL 'C' for Corpse



HEH-HEH - IT'S ME, DARLING! CALLING FROM THE GRAVE!

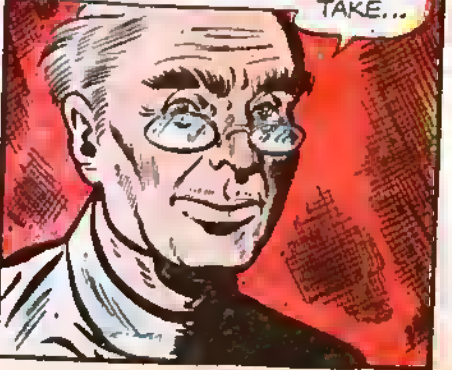
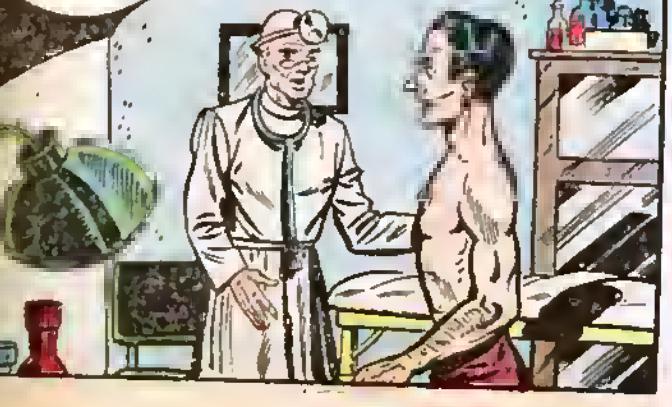
EEEEEEEE—

IT STARTED WHEN A WORRIED BILL WALTERS VISITED HIS DOCTOR...

AFRAID I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, BILL! VERY BAD!

YOU M-MEAN I'M GOING TO DIE?

NOT FOR A LONG TIME, I HOPE! BUT YOU'RE A CATALEPTIC, BILL! YOU MAY GO INTO A TRANCE WHICH RESEMBLES DEATH, EVEN TO A STOPPING OF YOUR BREATHING! I'LL EXPLAIN THE PRECAUTIONS YOU MUST TAKE...

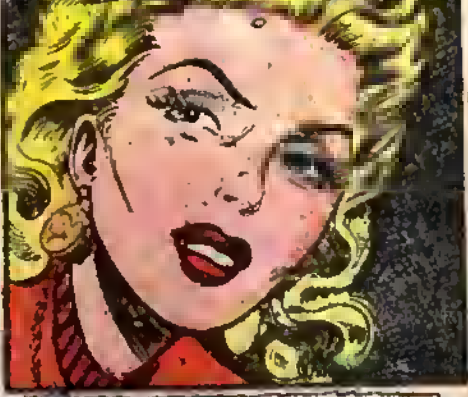


DESPITE THE DOCTOR'S CHEERING WORDS, BILL BEGINS TO WORRY...

YOU MUSTN'T WORRY SO, BILL! YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS BAD FOR YOU!

ALICE-- THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT SAYS HERE THAT CATALEPTICS HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN BURIED ALIVE!

POOR BILL! HE'S FRIGHTENED TO DEATH! I PITY HIM-- BUT I DON'T LOVE HIM! I NEVER HAVE! HIS DEATH WOULD BE A WAY OUT FOR ME!



BUT BILL, HAUNTED BY THE THOUGHT OF BEING BURIED ALIVE, WORRIES SO THAT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WITH YOU, WALTERS? YOU'VE BEEN IN A DAZE FOR WEEKS! SNAP OUT OF IT, OR GET ANOTHER JOB!

I'M SORRY, SIR! IT W-WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

AND ON HIS WAY HOME THAT NIGHT, BILL GETS THE BIG IDEA...



WHY NOT? IT WILL WORK! THEY INSTALL TELEPHONES ANYWHERE.

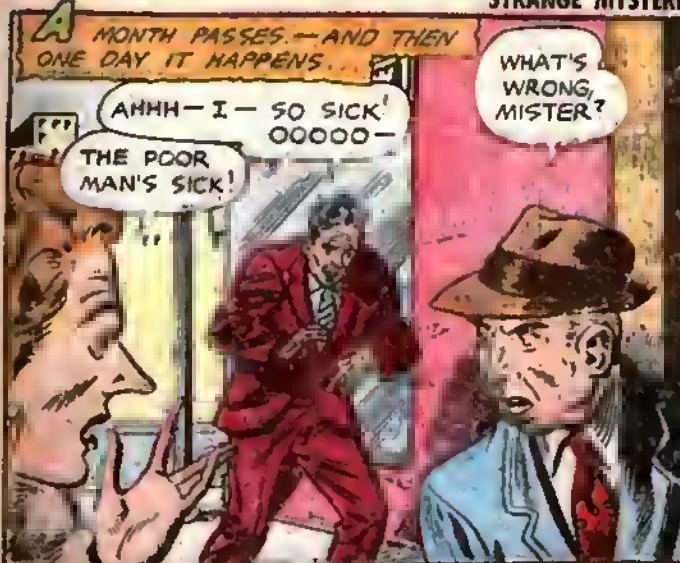
YOU WISH A PHONE INSTALLED, SIR?

YES, VERY SPECIAL! BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO CARRY OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY, TO THE LETTER!

WHEN BILL EXPLAINS...

WHAT! REALLY, SIR, I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO-- OF COURSE WE CAN DO IT, BUT IT-- IT'S POSITIVELY GHOULISH!

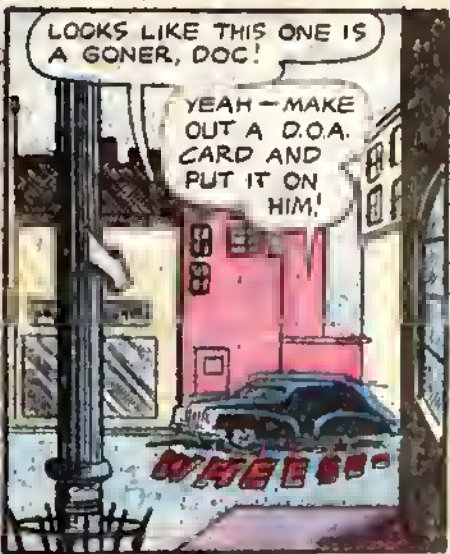




A MONTH PASSES.—AND THEN ONE DAY IT HAPPENS.

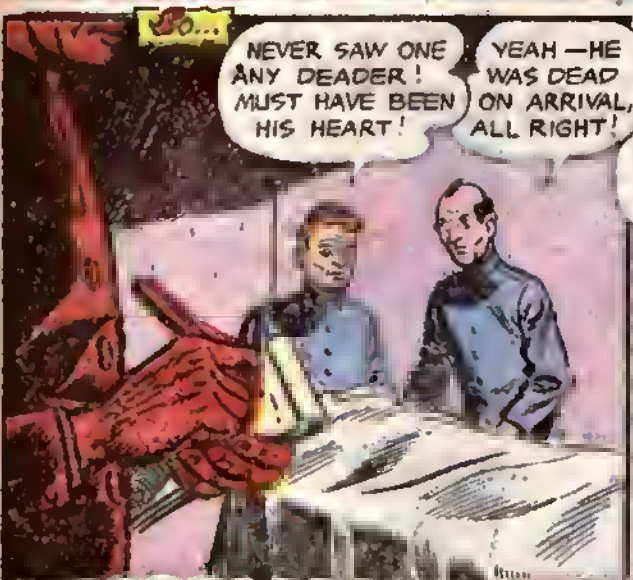
AHHH—I— SO SICK!
OOOOO—
THE POOR MAN'S SICK!

WHAT'S WRONG, MISTER?



LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE IS A GONER, DOC!

YEAH—MAKE OUT A D.O.A. CARD AND PUT IT ON HIM!



NEVER SAW ONE ANY DEADER! MUST HAVE BEEN HIS HEART!

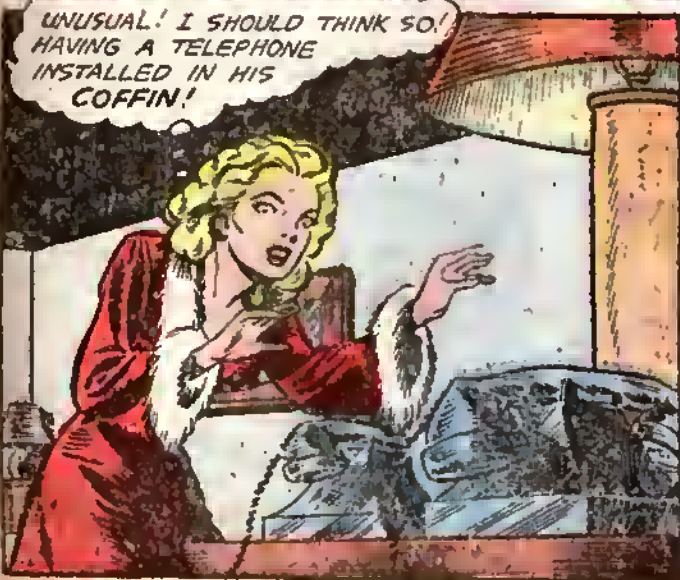
YEAH—HE WAS DEAD ON ARRIVAL, ALL RIGHT!



WHEN ALICE WALTERS HEARS THE NEWS, SHE CARRIES OUT HER INSTRUCTIONS FROM BILL...

HELLO? MANAGER? YES, MY HUSBAND IS DEAD! WILL YOU— YOU DO AS HE ASKED, PLEASE!

CERTAINLY, MADAM! THE PHONE COMPANY WILL HONOR ITS CONTRACT EVEN THOUGH IT'S A LITTLE— UN-USUAL!



UNUSUAL! I SHOULD THINK SO! HAVING A TELEPHONE INSTALLED IN HIS COFFIN!



MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEM BILL WAS A CATALEPTIC, BUT THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM! HE'S DEAD— HE MUST BE! B—BUT IF THAT EXTRA PHONE EVER RINGS, I'LL GO CRAZY!

A MONTH PASSES AND ALICE WALTERS BREATHES EASIER! SHE ALSO MEETS TOM SCOTT...

YOUR HUSBAND MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY, ALICE! HAVING THAT EXTRA PHONE CONNECTED WITH HIS COFFIN!

H-HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED OF BEING BURIED ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY, DARLING! I'LL HAVE THE THING TAKEN OUT IMMEDIATELY! EVEN BEFORE WE LEAVE ON OUR HONEYMOON!

I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT NOW!



AT THAT MOMENT, LIKE THE KNELL OF DEATH...

EEEEEEEEEE— THE P-PHONE!

BUT IT CAN'T BE!

RINGGG



AND MILES AWAY IN A DREARY, RAIN-SWEPT CEMETERY...

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE ANSWER? ALICE! ANSWER ME— PLEASE ANSWER ME!

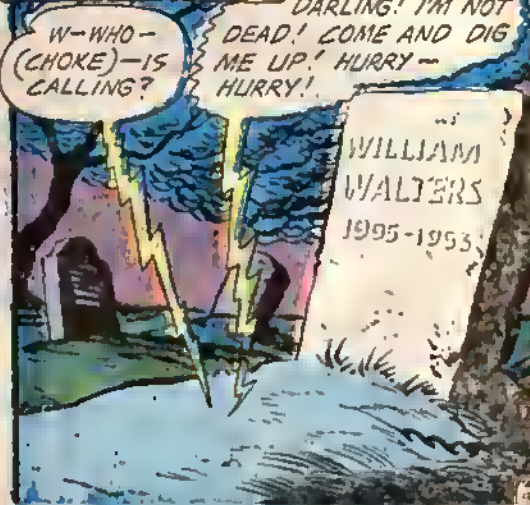


ALICE! ANSWER THE PHONE! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE— YOU MUST STILL BE MOURNING FOR ME! HURRY— ANSWER! ANSWER!

FINALLY THERE IS A HOLLOW CLICK AND...

IT'S ME... BILL! YOUR HUSBAND, DARLING! I'M NOT DEAD! COME AND DIG ME UP! HURRY— HURRY!

W-WHO— (CHOKES)— IS CALLING?



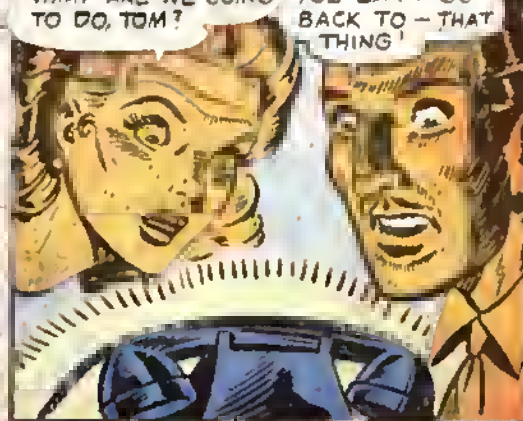
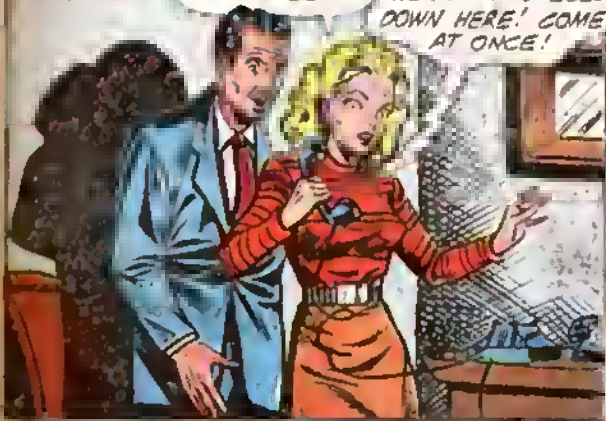
A THRILL OF ICY TERROR CRAWLS OVER ALICE WALTERS AS SHE HEARS THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE...

D-DIG YOU UP? B-BUT--

OF COURSE! AND HURRY! IT'S COLD DOWN HERE! COME AT ONCE!

IT WAS BILL! H-HE'S REALLY ALIVE! WANTS US TO COME DOWN AND DIG HIM UP! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, TOM?

WE CAN'T DIG HIM UP! THINK HOW HE MUST LOOK BY NOW! YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO-- THAT THING!

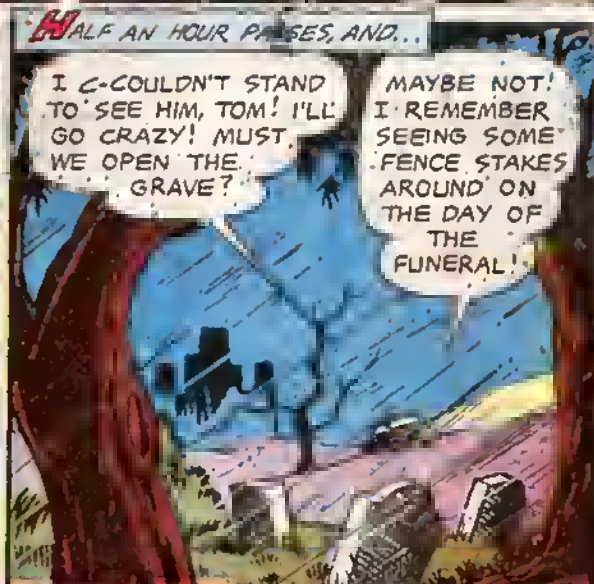


I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL REALLY KILL HIM THIS TIME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR US! HURRY, GET YOUR COAT!

HALF AN HOUR PASSES, AND...

I C-COULDN'T STAND TO SEE HIM, TOM! I'LL GO CRAZY! MUST WE OPEN THE GRAVE?

MAYBE NOT! I REMEMBER SEEING SOME FENCE STAKES AROUND ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL!



SURE ENOUGH...

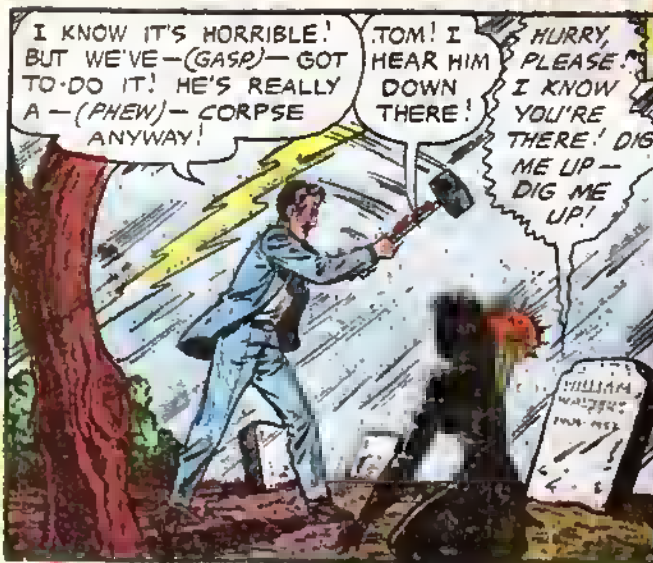
YOU'LL SEE! WE'RE LUCKY THE WORKMEN LEFT THIS STAKE AROUND! NOW WE WON'T HAVE TO OPEN THE GRAVE TO KILL HIM!

I'LL DRIVE THIS THROUGH HIM, COFFIN AND ALL! THAT PHONE WON'T RING ANY MORE!

OH, TOM! WE C-CAN'T! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!



ALICE WALTERS
MAY 1955



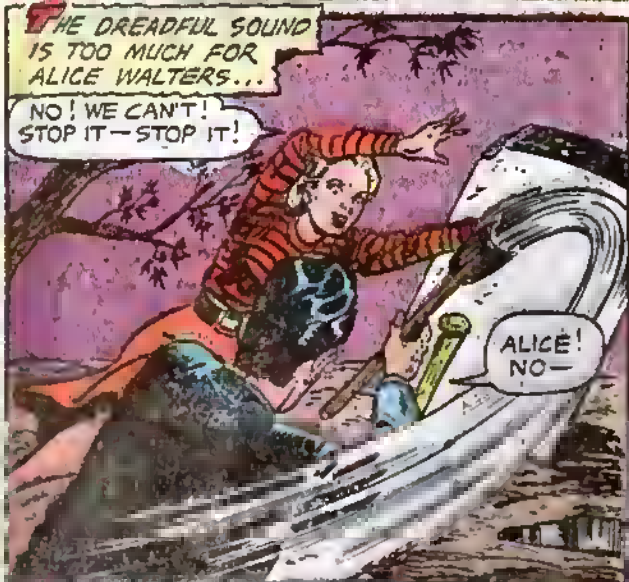
I KNOW IT'S HORRIBLE!
BUT WE'VE—(GASP)—GOT
TO DO IT! HE'S REALLY
A—(PHEW)—CORPSE
ANYWAY!

TOM! I
HEAR HIM
DOWN
THERE!

HURRY,
PLEASE!
I KNOW
YOU'RE
THERE! DIG
ME UP—
DIG ME
UP!

WHEN A HORRIBLE SCREECH RIPS
THE MURKY NIGHT...

THE S-STAKE! IT'S
GOING THROUGH HIM!



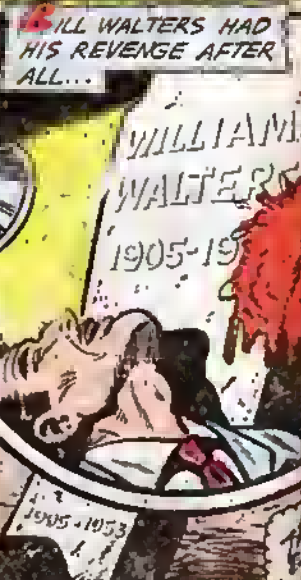
THE DREADFUL SOUND
IS TOO MUCH FOR
ALICE WALTERS...

NO! WE CAN'T!
STOP IT—STOP IT!

ALICE!
NO—

I—I DIDN'T
MEAN TO DO IT!

AIIIIIIIIII—



IN A LIGHT, A SUDDEN CHALLENGE
AND TOM SCOTT LOSES HIS NERVE
AND RUNS...

BUT THE GRASS IS
SLIPPERY FROM THE
STORM, AND SO...

WILL WALTERS HAD
HIS REVENGE AFTER
ALL...

HEY, YOU!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
STOP!

HUH! A
WATCHMAN!
G-GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

GAAAAA—
FALLING!

WILLIAM
WALTERS
1905-19...

1905-1953

No. 44
JUNE

STRANGEST TALES OF FEAR AND SUPERSTITIONS!

BLACK CAT MYSTERY

BLACK CAT

MYSTERY

10c



STEADY YOURSELF FOR THE
DASHING ADVENTURE OF...

OIL!

SEARCH FOR EVIL



I DON'T LET THEM COME AROUND ME!

HAVE NO FEAR... THEY'VE ONLY COME TO RESCUE US!

GROWRR!

OLIVER PLATT HAD A MISERY IN LIFE... HIS FATHER HAD DIED ON THE GUILLOTINE, HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN A LORD OF GINGOTEROL, AND OLIVER PLATT SWORE THAT HE'D FIND THE ANSWERS OF EVIL... HE'D UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

...I'D CONDUCT EXPERIMENTS TO DETERMINE THE PART OF THE HUMAN BRAIN IN WHICH EVIL RESIDES -- AND YOU' COULD BRING ME THE ANSWERS FOR THESE EXPERIMENTS! BUT WHY TALK OF SUCH HORRORS...



DOE NO EVIL... AROUND NO EVIL... AROUND NO EVIL! MY LITTLE FRIGER, IF ONLY YOU WERE A LAME! IF ONLY YOU COULD TELL ME THE MEANING OF MAN'S EVIL TO MAN!



BUT SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING... AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS A FEELING!

WHY--WHY ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I COME TO SEARCH YOU, MY FRIEND!



I AM ALWAYS READY TO JOIN IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE-- AND YOU WISH THOSE REWARDS TO COME TO LIFE FOR YOUR OWN PURPOSE?

FOR MY OWN PURPOSE? YES? ... YES?



PERHAPS IT MIGHT BE CALLED EVIL... THOUGH IT WAS EVIL WITH A DIFFERENCE!

THESE YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED-- LET THE DREAMS OF LIFE COME YOU EXISTENCE!



TH--THEY'RE CHANGING INTO JARAS-- AND PERIODICALLY... WON'T THEY?

DO NOT BE AFRAID-- THEY SHALL BE YOUR SLAVES!



ROWRRR! GROWRR!

SEE HOW JEALOUS THEY ARE TO OBEY YOU-- TO BRING YOU KNOWLEDGE YOU WISH! BUT NOW I MUST BID YOU--



--FAREWELL!



IT IS JUST AS I WISHED—NOW YOU ARE FREE TO DO MY BIDDING! I CAN BEGIN MY SEARCH FOR THE KING IN THE BARRAN TRAIN—AND YOUR JOBBY "KINGST" SHALL HELP ME!

**GRAWRR!
GAWRRRR!**



GO—GO INTO THE NIGHT AND BRING ME DOZENS OF SUBJECTS! RETURN HERE BY DAWN—AND I SHALL BE AWAITING!



THEY LEFT QUINCY PLATT'S HOME...THEY HEARD AND OBSERVED HIS WORDS...AND THEY STARTED ON THEIR MISSION!

**GRR-R-R!
GRAW-R!**



THERE WAS A GIRL WHO WAITER-ON A STREET CORNER...

WHERE CAN THE BOB GO?
IT MUST BE AWFULLY
LATE BY NOW AND---



GROARRR!



YAGHH!

AND THERE WAS A YOUNG COUPLE IN THEIR HOME...

AND AND
JOHN---

MARY MARY
YAAA-BAY!

RARR-R-R!







YOU FOOLS! YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE FOUND! YES, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO **GRAB** -- TO **GRAB**! -- AND NOW I AM READY TO **GRAB** OF BYE!

GRAWW!



GRAB, AS LONG AS YOU WANT! MAKE YOUR FOOLISH MOVE! ... BUT I AM READY TO **GRAB**, TO **GRAB** THE **GRAB**! I'VE OUTWITTED YOU AND YOUR FOOLISH MATHS!

AGRRW!



BUT SPOONING A CRASH OF LIGHTNING BOARDED ...

HONK'S TWIT!

CRASH!



AND A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARED ONCE MORE!

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT? NOW GET UP DO YOU THINK WE ARE?

KEEP AWAY!



I THOUGHT I COULD TRUST YOU ... BUT NOW ... AGOW!



LET HIM KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO ...

GRAWWW!



SEE NO BYE ... AGROW NO BYE! ... GRAB NO BYE!

GOBLIN'S BALL

GEORGE JUNIOR WAS JUST IN TO ASK FOR PERMISSION TO PLAY TOUCH FOOTBALL WITH GUESS WHO?

THOSE IMAGINARY GOBLIN PALS OF HIS?

YES! AND LISTEN TO THIS- HE SAID THEY WANTED TO USE HIS HEAD FOR A BALL! I SAID GO AHEAD, IT'S YOUR HEAD!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA -

RIN-NG

HELLO...YES... WHAT...WHAT... WHA-A-T...?

HARRY/WHO WAS THAT? WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK SICK-!

THE POLICE...MRS. JONES DOWN THE STREET...WINDOWS BROKEN...JUNIOR...

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DID SHE HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE?

YES...ETHEL... SHE HAD TO CALL...POLICE...